THE

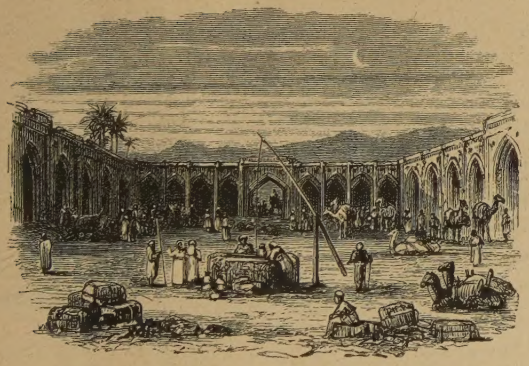
Methodist Magazine.

JULY, 1894.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

FROM GALILEE TO HERMON.



INTERIOR OF EASTERN KHAN.

With the early morning we were again *en route* for the ride up the Jordan valley. It is a steep and rugged road, and we turned many a long and lingering look behind us, for we knew that we should soon take our last glimpse of the little Sea of Galilee, with its many and memorable associations.

About noon we passed, in the midst of a rolling plain, another ruined khan, the Kahn Jubb Yusef, or "Inn of the Well of Joseph." The name was given by the Moslems, from the idea that here was the cistern into which Joseph was thrust by his brethren—an absurd mistake, for the Plain of Dothan was many miles to the south. It is a characteristic example of the Oriental caravansary, built of stone and black basalt of very picturesque appearance. A huge stone-built quadrangle, strong as a fortress, surrounds an inner courtyard. Riding through the single gateway we reach the large court, around which are two tiers of vaulted stone chambers, the lower one for the accommodation of man and beast together, the upper story for the more honoured guests. When the heavy, iron-studded doors are closed, the khan

would make a formidable fort for defence against the Bedouin. A stone stairway leads to the upper floor. There is no pretence of accommodation beyond the bare walls. All travellers must bring their own provision and forage. As the place had, apparently, never been cleaned out, it was in a very objectionable condition. Near by is one of the typical wells of the country, such as are shown in the accompanying cut.

Overlooking the Lake of Tiberias, at an elevation of 3,500 feet, is the ancient city of Safed. The lovely lake, with its engirdling Galilean hills, and the fertile Haraun beyond the Jordan, lies like a map far beneath the eye. Safed is still one

WAYSIDE WELLS.

of the sacred cities of the Jews. In 1837 this whole region, from Beyrout to Tyre and Tiberias, was shaken by an earthquake, the ravages of which can still be seen in shattered vaults and yawning walls. In one village church the entire congregation of 135 were crushed by the ruins. At Safed the destruction was most terrible, from the fact that the houses were in steep terraces street above street. Of its population of nine thousand, more than half perished miserably. Dr. Thompson gives a heart-rending account of this disaster, and of the often futile efforts to relieve its victims. Some lingered for days before help could reach them, or death end their misery. The Moslems acted in the most heartless manner, plundering and robbing the dying and the dead, even while the earth shook and trembled.

The fortifications of Safed are still strong, though shattered by earthquake. They are supposed to have been built by the Crusaders and garrison of the Knights Templars. It is a high

RUINS OF A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE NEAR SAFED.

and breezy sanitorium, a delightful relief from the deep, hot valley beneath.

In the neighbourhood of Safed, which was the seat of an important Jewish sacerdotal colony, that of Hillel and his thirty-six

disciples, and of an older Phœnician idol shrine, are a number of ancient synagogues and temples. Some of these synagogues are in a state of remarkably good preservation, and exhibit much architectural beauty. Of one the doorway alone remains, of which we give a cut. It is ten feet high and five feet broad. On either side of the rosette on the lintel were figures possibly intended for the paschal lamb. On the lintel is the Hebrew inscription, "Peace be unto this dwelling-place." It recalls vividly the words of Christ to the disciples, "Into whatsoever house ye enter say, Peace be to this house."

After lunch we rode on from Kahn Jubb Yusef through a picturesque region, but one of utter desolation. Beneath the eye lay broad green meadows, through which winds the sinuous Jordan. Of this region Dr. Porter writes:

"On reaching the brow of the long ascent, where the lake lies far below us, with the green valleys radiating from it, and the rich plateaux spreading out from the top of its high banks, we cannot refrain from sitting down to gaze upon that vast panorama. A mournful and solitary silence reigns over it. Nature has lavished on it some of her choicest gifts; but man has deserted it. In the whole valley of the Jordan, from the Lake Huleh to the Sea of Galilee, there is not a single settled inhabitant. Along the whole eastern bank of the river and the lakes, from the base of Hermon to the ravine of Hieromax—a region of great fertility, thirty miles long by seven or eight wide—there are only some *three inhabited villages!* The western bank is almost as desolate. Ruins are numerous enough. Every mile or two is an old site of town or village, now well-nigh hid beneath a dense jungle of thorns and thistles. The words of Scripture here recur to us with peculiar force—'I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries unto desolation. . . . And I will bring the land into desolation: and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it. And I will scatter you among the heathen, and will draw out a sword after you: and your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her Sabbaths.'"

We now approach Lake Huleh, or the "Waters of Merom" of Scripture. We cross the ancient three-arched bridge, named "the Bridge of Jacob's Daughters," probably from an erroneous tradition that here the patriarch crossed the river and met his brother Esau.

"Century after century," says Dr. Manning, "invading armies, or caravans of peaceful traders, have passed to and fro along this route; but none of them have left results so deep and lasting as when, eighteen hundred years ago, Saul of Tarsus, 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord . . . journeyed to Damascus,' little thinking, as he crossed this bridge, that he should return to preach the faith he now sought to destroy."

ON THE WATERS OF MEROM.

The Lake of Huleh is a small and shallow sheet of water, about four and a half miles long and three miles wide, bordered by a dense growth of canes and papyrus reeds, from which the material and name of paper came. These are nowhere found in Egypt, though once so common as to furnish much of the material of which the mummy-cases were made. Here they grow so densely that the Arabs declare it is impossible for even the wild boar to penetrate them. The Judge with his characteristic energy in securing canes, cut a number of papyrus stalks, but so frail were they that they did but illustrate the Scripture, "thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed . . whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it." Our standing joke concerning the Judge was, that "the *Canaanite* was still in the land."

In the late afternoon, Madame, who was an indefatigable climber, and the writer scaled a lofty hill commanding a splendid view of the lake, and watched the long shadows creep over the broad and verdurous plain. On this historic field was waged the last and greatest battle between Joshua and the tribal Canaanitish chiefs. Here Jabon, King of Hazor, rallied the Jebusite chiefs from the forts of Jerusalem, the Hittite and the Amorite, in the far south, to "the Hivite under Hermon," in the north, and in this neighbourhood Hazor, his capital, must have existed.*

*"And they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the seashore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many. And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight against Israel." (Josh. xi. 4–5).

In the broad meadow at our feet at Ain-Belat, were pitched the tents of several tourist camps, making quite a numerous party. And very pretty they looked with their snowy walls and fluttering flags and long lines of stamping steeds. This camp-neighbourhood gave us an opportunity to exchange visits and compare notes with fellow-tourists from many different parts of Christendom.

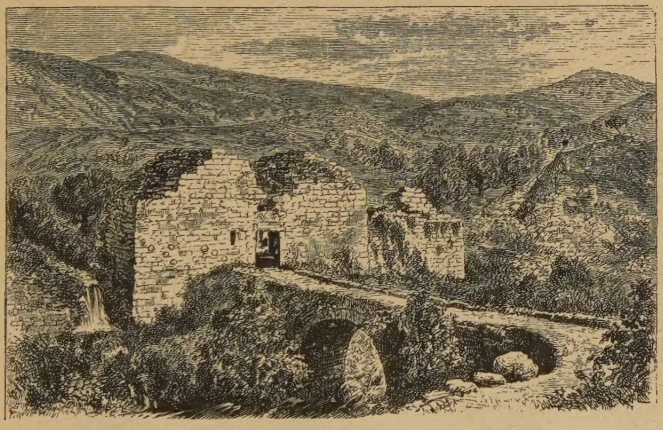
Early next morning we were up and off for our ride to Banias, or Cæsarea-Philippi. This fertile plain, though without fixed habitation, was dotted with the reed huts of the Arabs, of which I counted over two hundred, made from the papyrus plant. These Arabs are less nomadic and more agricultural than the Bedouins of the desert, and remain long enough in one place to reap the crop which they have sown. I counted in one view two hundred black, hairless buffalo wallowing in the marshes or feeding in the meadows, and there were many thousands more in the distance. A couple of peasants were engaged in making rope from the bark of rushes to bind the roofs of their reed huts. Wild fowl abound in the marshes and wild game in the wadys of the neighbouring hills. Here we saw wild mustard growing so high that the birds lodged in the branches of it.

SOURCE OF THE JORDAN AT DAN.

In this wide and fertile valley were many Jewish agricultural colonies aided by such philanthropists as Sir Joseph Montefiore and Sir Samuel de Rothschild, and there were some attempts at a road; indeed we met a waggon-load of Jews, among them a remarkably pretty Jewess carrying an enormous bouquet of flowers, with whom we exchanged a cordial greeting. We

lunched beside a tree near an old, mossy mill, where the sparkling, flashing water set in motion, by means of turbines, four run of stones, whose pleasant croon gave a rural suggestion like that of a Canadian backwoods village mill. We offered a few eggs to an Arab woman who wistfully watched our proceedings. At first she could not understand us, but when we put them in her lap a glad smile lit up her sombre features.

Where the Hasbany, a tributary of the Jordan, rushes down a picturesque ravine, we crossed a fine old Roman bridge which leaps across the gorge by a single arch. The stone pavement was worn to slippery smoothness by the tread of camels for hundreds of years. The bridge had no parapet and it looked quite perilous to cross, but we all got safely over. The whole region now became amphibious, so full was it of springs which water the plain.



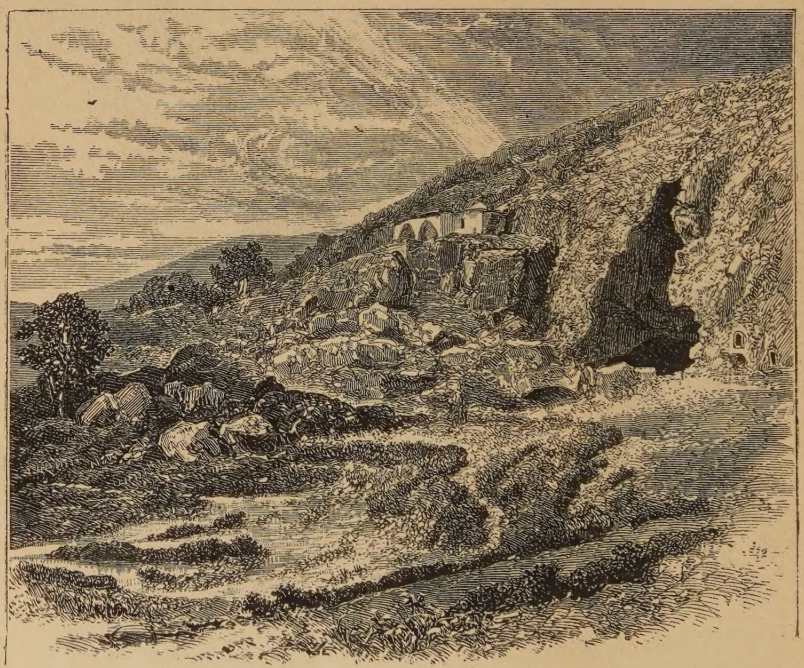
BRIDGE AND GATEWAY AT BANIAS.

Waters everywhere abounded, irrigating orchards of pomegranates, dates, peaches, figs and pears.

We rode through the bed of the stream between retaining walls made to prevent its overflow, and soon reached a splendid fountain springing up amid the thicket of dark oaks, fragrant oleanders, and silvery birches and poplars. This is one of the chief sources of the most sacred river in the world. Near it rises a grassy mound covered with crumbling ruins, on which grew two majestic oaks. This is Tel-el-Kadi, Hill of the Judge, or "the City of Dan," which has the same signification, on the site of the old Phœnician town of Laish. This was the northern limit of ancient Israel, hence the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba," and here Jeroboam set up one of his two golden calves for idolatrous worship, the other being on the sacred site of Bethel.

Beneath a venerable oak, profusely hung with rags and fragments of cloth, in honour of some Moslem saint, we took our lunch. A few small but fertile fields yield a great profusion of wheat and vegetables, but it was almost impossible to make one's way through the tangled undergrowth of brush and trees nourished by the abounding waters.

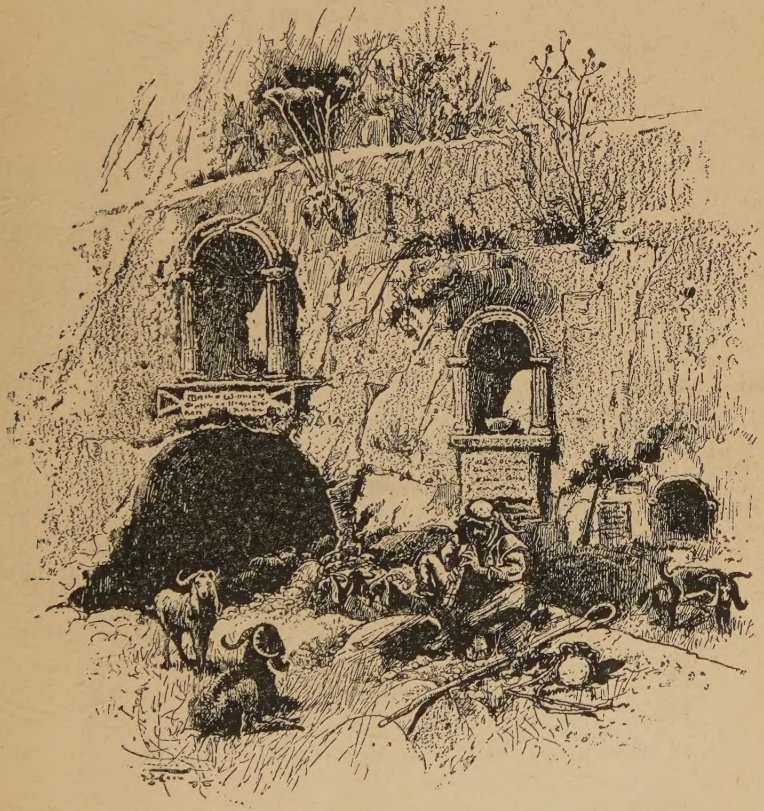
Two hours' ride further over a rugged road, and a climb of five hundred feet, brought us to the most picturesque camp we found in Palestine. It was on the banks of a rushing stream



PRINCIPAL SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

on the outskirts of the town of Banias, the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi, the chief source of the Jordan. The shattered towers and broken walls of the ancient town were of peculiar picturesqueness. The approach to our camp was through the gate in an old wall, shown on page 9. The round objects in the wall are sections of ancient columns built into its structure. On the site of a bold cliff is a great grotto from which gushes out strong and clear the infant Jordan, a stream fifty feet in width. This fountain is described by Josephus as descending to an immeasurable depth. For unknown ages this wild glen, the source of this

noble stream, has been a sacred shrine from Phœnician and classic times. Here the Greeks had their temple to the god Pan, whence the classic name of Panium, corrupted to the modern Banias. Over this fountain Herod the Great built a temple in honour of Augustus. This was probably the "Baal-gad in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon." (Joshua xi. 17.) We entered the grotto and tried to decipher the well-nigh obliterated



THE GROTTO AND SHRINES OF PAN, AT THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN, BANIAS.

Greek inscriptions on the tablets shown to the right of cut on page 10, and more fully shown on this page. All we could make out were some references to the priest of Pan. The domed structure on the cliff is the church of St. George. An ancient moat with ruined walls surrounds the town. In the gardens and narrow alleys may be seen shattered columns of the temples and palaces of Cæsarea-Philippi.

We observed here a curious custom of the people—that of living in booths, made of boughs covered with leafy branches, on their house-tops, for the sake, we learned, of coolness and exemption during the summer from the attacks of scorpions that lurk amid the ruins. Special interest is given the town from its being the northern limit of our Lord's journeys in Palestine, and on this noble terrace, in full view of the stately architecture of the Roman city, our Lord held that memorable conversation with His disciples, recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" ending in the affirmation which has become the watchword of the Church of Rome, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The ruins of Cæsarea-Philippi have crumbled almost into nothingness, but that Church founded upon the immovable rock, Jesus Christ, the true Corner-stone, has been built up in every land. The concensus of the best opinion on the subject is that on one of the neighbouring peaks of Hermon the Master led His three disciples "into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." This glorious mountain, the grandest in Palestine, was surely a fitting place for such a sublime epiphany.

A thousand feet above the town towers the famous castle of Banias, or Es-Subeibah, one of the most majestic ruins in the world. We rode up the steep hillside through olive groves and wheat fields for over an hour, and then left our horses for a scramble up the rocky cliffs and broken battlements into the castle. I was completely astounded at the extent, magnificence and strength of this huge structure. It impressed me as being more than twice as large as the famous castles of Heidelberg or Edinburgh. It is perched on an isolated cliff 1,500 feet above Banias, and is one thousand feet long, and about three hundred in width. Dr. Merrill affirms that it exhibits the work of every period, from the early Phœnician to the time of the Crusaders. The walls, of immense thickness, rise one hundred feet, while beneath, for six hundred, sink the almost perpendicular sides of the cliff, and for nine hundred more slope abruptly to the fountain of Banias.

At the eastern end of the castle is the acropolis or citadel, 150 feet higher, with a wall and moat of its own of immense strength, a castle within a castle, as described by Josephus. Great arched cisterns and stone chambers could contain an inexhaustible supply of water, grain and other stores. We climbed to a lofty turret where rested, high in air, a bell-shaped monolith which rang

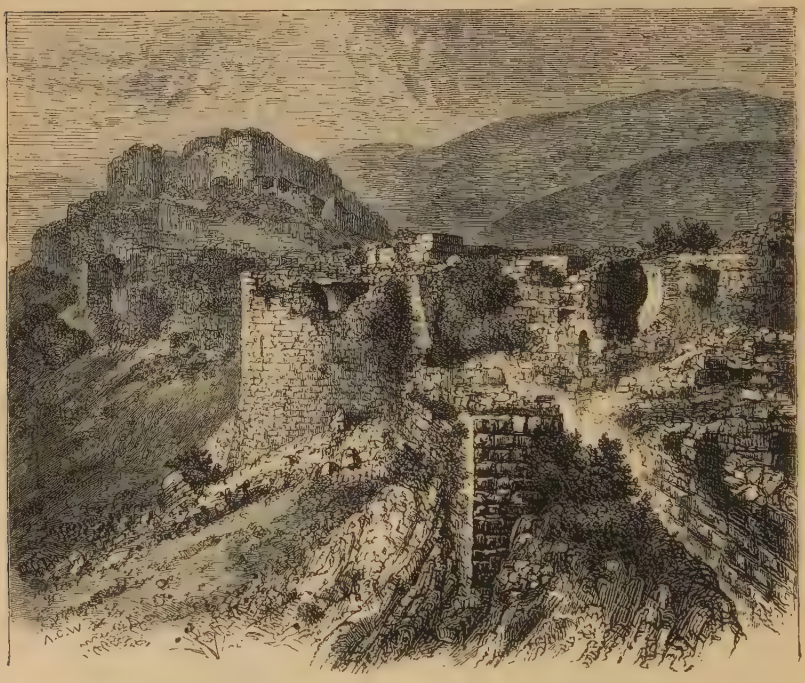
sonorously when struck. A long, dark stairway penetrates far down into the heart of the mountain, and, the Arabs assert, reaches the springs of Banias two miles distant. This, however, seems incredible. A broad, winding road once led down to the

FLAT-ROOFED MUD HOUSES AT BANIAS.

plain beneath. This is now badly shattered. The view into the tremendous gorge below was one of the most impressive we have ever seen, while in the distance stretched the long slope to the fertile plain of Huleh, laced all over with flashing streams, and to the north the Heights of Hermon, and the hills of Naphtali.

Small wonder that the Danite spies exclaimed of the Plain of Huleh with its rich pastures, its countless herds of buffalo, its clouds of wildfowl of every wing, "It is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth."

It was with the utmost reluctance that I could tear myself away from this majestic scene. Long after the rest of our party had gone I lingered behind, and mused amid the solitudes of this venerable castle once resonant with the tread of Crusading and Moslem knights, and perchance with the rude clash of Roman or



RUINS OF CASTLE OF ES-SUBEIBAH, NEAR BANIAS.

Phœnician arms. At length another group of tourists climbed the cliff and conveyed the somewhat peremptory message from the Judge, that if I did not promptly return they were to throw me over the battlements. Dark clouds were lowering in the sky. The wind rose, and moaned through the crannied vaults and shattered walls, and sighed and whispered amid the olive groves below, and rain began to fall. I therefore surrendered at discretion, scrambled down the cliff and, mounting my faithful Naaman, galloped down the slope, narrowly escaping the fate of Absalom amid the low-branching olives. We dried off before

our charcoal fire, and a good dinner soon made us all right. But all night long the rain poured down and the gusty wind seemed determined to prostrate our tents. Indeed, that of Messrs. Read and Rorke did partially collapse. All this was an ill omen for our ride next day over the shoulder of Mount Hermon.

We have now in our journeyings reached the northern borders of Palestine and the extreme point which our Saviour is recorded as having visited. We have traversed its length and breadth, from Hebron to Cæsarea-Philippi, from Jaffa to Jericho. Many of our readers may not be privileged to visit these holy fields, with their sacred memories of patriarchs, prophets, priests and kings; of the disciples, apostles, and of our Lord Himself; but to use the words of Dr. Manning, "All may reach the better country, that is, 'a heavenly,' of which the earthly Canaan was but a type." Though their feet may not stand within the gates of the Jerusalem on earth, they may walk the streets of the New Jerusalem on high, "the city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

It has often been said that the Holy Land itself is the best commentary on the Holy Book. Even so sceptical a writer as M. Renan has strongly expressed this sentiment. He says:

"I have traversed in all directions the country of the Gospels, I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron and Samaria; scarcely any important locality of the history of Jesus has escaped me. All this history, which in the distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world, thus took a form, a solidity which astonished me. The striking agreement of the texts with the places, the marvellous harmony of the Gospel ideal with the country which served it as a framework, were like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a Fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible, and henceforward, through the recitals of Matthew and Mark, in place of an abstract Being, whose existence might have been doubted, I saw a living and moving, an admirable human figure."

With deeper and more tender feeling Mrs. Elizabeth Charles has expressed this sentiment in the following lines:

The pathways of Thy land are little changed,
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep
o'er them,
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewn with garments once, and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chiselled in the hillsides evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced;
Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er Thy poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land,
Thou, Thou art there!

AWAKE! AWAKE!

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

AWAKE! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet-grey;
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates of day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be free,
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar—
A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase;
They come! they come!—how fair their feet—they come that publish peace!
Yea, victory; fair victory! our enemies' and ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.

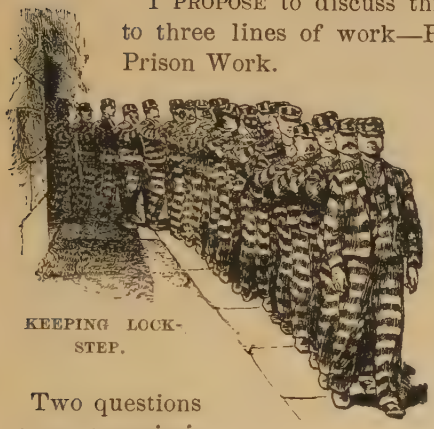
For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest,
And honour binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his breast—
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,
And the wolf is dead in Arcady, and the dragon in the sea!

PRISONS, AND OUR RELATION TO THEM.

REV. R. N. BURNS, B.A.

II.

I PROPOSE to discuss this subject in its application to three lines of work—Preventive, Prison, and Post-Prison Work.



KEEPING LOCK-STEP.

We shall find it wise, not only for scientific purposes, but also for economic reasons, to study the causes of criminality. We shall probably discover that our most important and beneficial work is outside prison walls and in our homes and streets.

Two questions press for an answer: Whence come our criminals? and, How are they manufactured or developed? I must here confess that I have not very much sympathy with the extreme notions of a certain class of scientific investigators of this subject, who have given too great a prominence to the idea that the criminal is an abnormal and special type of man, with different formation of head, and unusual mental and moral make-up. Lombroso, the great Italian specialist, and his American disciple, Macdonald, have done much to give public prominence to this idea. I have obtained the opinion of several thoughtful men, who have been in charge of, or intimately associated with, hundreds of criminals for years, and their unanimous verdict is, that while there were some facts, apparently, to support this special type theory, the majority of criminals are men and women very similar to those who are outside of prison walls.

It is probably more flattering to our vanity to suppose that the men we see, with shaven heads and variegated costume, marching or working in guarded gangs, are totally different from ourselves, but I venture to suggest that few of us could submit to the same transformation in dress and surroundings without encouraging the same suspicion about our criminal origin. Take a look at our initial cut above and ask yourself the question—Would my dignity and standing in the scale of manhood seriously suffer from such surroundings? If a

body of prisoners were marched in prison clothing to our new drill hall, and there attired in the regimental costume of the Royal Grenadiers, and marched forth headed by their splendid band, a very different class of comments would be made upon their two appearances. As they went in those watching them would likely say, "What a low type of men those prisoners are!" And as they marched forth in martial uniform, the same onlookers, if they did not know of the change of clothing within, would likely say, "What a fine lot of fellows those Grenadiers are!"

Someone has gone so far as to suggest that the chief difference between those inside and outside of prison walls is, that those outside have not been found out yet. That may be set down as a witty exaggeration, but unfortunately there is a large element of truth in it. We find men of culture and wealth, bearing no marks of the criminal type, justly placed behind the prison bars. Sometimes we are compelled to wonder at the greatness of the fall when we consider the homes and surroundings from which the fallen have come.

A pathetic case of this kind came to Mr. Charles Cook's notice in a visit to a Canadian prison. Taking up a hymn-book he found written on one of its leaves, "Mary Douglas, left Scotland July, 1881, reached Canada, August, 1881, once a father's pet and a mother's joy, but now a poor drunkard; but God will save me yet."

I recognize, of course, the influence of heredity and environment in rendering some natures more temptable, and in furnishing more frequent temptations to criminality, but I have no sympathy with determinism either theoretically or in the realm of conduct where the workings of man's will are concerned. There is enough in this line of thought to lead us, in fulfilment of Paul's injunction, "considering thyself lest thou also be tempted," to have more sympathy with most criminals and do something to counteract their hereditary tendencies and lessen the temptations to which they are subjected by social and civic conditions. It should also make us feel that the men and women separated from us by prison walls do not come from a different hemisphere of manhood, and should receive our most practical sympathy and help.

Mr. Cook, in his book on "The Prisons of the World," gives several instances of the ordinary traits of human nature being possessed by prisoners. As showing their tenderness, he tells of one man who, longing for company, made a pet of a mouse for months, and on the morning of his discharge asked the Governor for permission to take his mouse with him. I cannot leave this subject of heredity and environment without saying

something about the early training and care of children as an important factor of preventive work. Parents and the State both have a duty to perform in this particular. I am glad to see that of late the State considers it to be necessary, where parents notoriously fail in their duty to their children, to step in and do some official fathering and mothering of these neglected children and possible criminals. It is also the duty of the State, in various ways, especially in mental, moral and physical education, to help parents in the important work of nurturing worthy citizens.

I am glad that one blot upon our administration of justice is likely to be removed by carrying out the provisions of the recent "Act for the Better Protection of Children." One weakness of the Act seems to be that it requires the endorsation of the Dominion Parliament to make compulsory the separate trial and confinement of children. The following was clipped from the *Globe* of March 6th, 1894:

"Two young girls were up in the Police Court yesterday morning charged with larceny. One was thirteen years of age and the other sixteen. They had never been in a police cell or police court before. Both were arrested on Saturday night at their homes and were locked up in the station all night. On Sunday morning they were taken in the van with a crowd of adults to the gaol, where they were placed in the same corridor as the women now awaiting trial for a flagrant crime. After spending a day and night in the gaol they were bundled into the "Black Maria" this morning, with about forty others, and were carted to the Police Court to stand trial. One was accused of stealing a hat belonging to her sister, the other was charged by her mistress with the larceny of sixty cents. They were placed on trial at eleven o'clock in the midst of the court business, and with an audience of over one hundred men, who had gathered to take in all the interesting features of the show. When the children's cases were called, Mr. E. A. DuVernet, acting for J. J. Kelso, Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children, asked Magistrate Denison to hold over the charges until the end of the court, so that they could be investigated privately. This his Worship peremptorily refused to do, remarking that the law only required this to be done "where expedient," and it was not expedient for him to take the matter up except at that present moment. One of the girls pleaded guilty and was allowed out on suspended sentence. The other pleaded not guilty, and was remanded for a day. The whole process was degrading and hardening, and not at all calculated to accomplish the object aimed at, viz., the reformation of those showing signs of waywardness. The Children's Aid Society and other organizations intend applying to Sir John Thompson for legislation making the separate trial and confinement of young children compulsory."

Mr. S. H. Blake, at a meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Association, spoke as follows:

"It is a monstrous thing, where a lad is found who has broken one of

the panes of glass in one of our city lamps, which has injured the community to the extent of twenty cents, that he should for a mere child's fault be sent to jail, and, with ten days of contamination be, by the State, for the twenty cents of injury, *damned for life.*"

But the State can never fully take the place of the parents, and only should attempt to do so where absolutely necessary for purposes of protection and for the prevention of crime. The importance of home training in shaping the life and character of children is not estimated as highly as it ought to be. Too many fathers give the freshness of their faculties, and the majority of their waking hours, to business and the clubs or societies, and bestow upon their children the fag-ends of time and nervous irritability of manner. Too many mothers are more fond of the attractions of society and the adornments of dress than of the claims of the nursery or family circle. They too often prefer to leave the care and unconscious shaping of their children's character to servants, while they bestow their personal attention on pet dogs or social fads.

Another dangerous sign in our social economy is the general disappearance of old-fashioned, English respect for parental authority. This is the case not only among the lower classes, but also with the so-called upper classes. The boys and girls who grow up with this dangerous disregard of authority will most likely, as young citizens, be restive and fractious when they feel the restraints of State control, and what is still worse, all Christian workers find it much harder to bring such rebellious spirits to the state of surrender that must precede conversion and Christian service.

Another cause of child contamination is the pernicious effects of street education. Here again the State may properly step in and do *positive* good by providing suitable and sufficient playgrounds for children, and do *negative* good by establishing the old custom of ringing the curfew bell, for which provision is made in the recent "Child's Charter Act." I am not advocating the development of a hot-house type of childhood. I would rather see cultivated a Spartan, self-reliant type of youth that are prepared to stand the stress of temptation. If parents do their duty properly, children should go forth into the world so morally magnetized that they will repel the wrong and be drawn toward the right.

Among the other causes of criminality idleness should be mentioned. The lack of manual training in our schools, the unwise scorn of labour, and the absence of the self-reliant spirit, are some of the causes of *voluntary* idleness which soon breeds mis-

chief to the community and to the individual himself. Too often, however, *enforced* idleness has driven men to the desperation of an unlawful extremity. It would pay the State well to have bureaus of employment and devise liberal measures for the labouring classes. Thus large amounts of money would be spent in a more economic and self-respecting way than in charity and in the care of criminals who are helped into prison life by continued idleness. No doubt poverty, with its various causes, such as drinking, idleness, spendthrift habits, etc., contributes its quota also as a producer of crime.

Another cause of criminality is infidelity, and the consequent weakening of that high regard for human and divine law which constitutes the chief safeguard of society. This weakening of conscientiousness springs from the worldly morality that pays attention only to a utilitarian treatment of one's fellow-man, and ignores man's positive duties to God. No man is firmly braced against the temptation to do wrong who does not live his whole life consciously under the searching but loving scrutiny of the eye of God, and like the steadfast Joseph can say to every tempter, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

Mr. Cook declares that many, very many, who languish in "durance vile," when questioned confess that they would never have been where they are but for the teachings of infidelity. They became lawless in proportion as they threw off the fear of God. He quotes the statement of one prisoner as follows. "I am one of thirteen infidels: what has become of my friends? I will tell you. One became a Christian, six were sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, four were hanged, one is in the cell above, a prisoner for life, and I am to be hanged to-morrow." Mr. Blake lately stated that the daily newspaper, with its detailed accounts of crimes, and the clever methods of escaping detection, aids largely in the manufacture of criminals.

Another most prolific cause of criminality is the drink habit. Instances could be furnished by almost everyone of the demoralizing and criminalizing effects of drinking. When will Christian nations rise up and banish entirely this drink demon, that dethrones reason, fires the passions, and drives men into crime? Mr. Cook relates a typical case in Portsmouth Prison:

"Passing through the carpenter's shop I noticed an intelligent-looking man at work; and seeing by his arm that he was a 'lifer,' by the letter 'L' being there in place of a figure or a number—I inquired the cause, and was told, 'Manslaughter;' and within a quarter of an hour I had spoken to two other convicts whose cases were almost identical. One of them said, 'I woke up one morning in a police cell, and when the constable brought

me some breakfast I asked him what I was there for, and he answered "Murder." I thought he was joking, and asked him to tell me what I was locked up for, and he said, "Last night you were brought in drunk and charged with the murder of a fellow workman." It was too true. I was tried and sentenced to death, but it was commuted to a life sentence ; but, sir, I have no more recollection of having killed a man than you have." The three cases cited above were so alike that in telling one I have explained the three."

In this important work of prevention we all must feel it to be more than ever our duty to cultivate in ourselves and others about us the trinity of safeguards—trust in a personal God, productive industry and temperance of all kinds, including chastity of thought and act.

I wish to call the reader's attention now to Prison Work. Much might be said upon the qualifications of governors, deputies, wardens, matrons and other prison officers. There are all classes of officials, the unfeeling, mean-spirited, officious warder, as well as the sympathetic, considerate matron or turnkey. I shall only have space to treat briefly a few things in the general management of prisons. One subject demanding attention is the more thorough *classification* of prisoners. The present system, in both county and city gaols, is far from satisfactory. The herding together of such a motley crowd of inmates as can be seen sometimes in our gaols is a discredit to our civilization. Scrutinize the condition of these inmates and you will probably find unfortunate paupers, pitiable drunkards, tender novices and hardened adepts in the art of crime, with an occasional lunatic to give weirdness to the gathering. The words of the Inspector of Prisons for Ontario cannot be repeated too often, until our Government takes wiser action than at present:

"It is a disgrace to the people of this Province to allow the aged poor, who have committed no crime against the laws of the land, to be incarcerated within prison walls and clothed in the distinguishing garb of prison criminals. It is inhuman, un-Christian, and unpatriotic, and should be prevented by most stringent legislation, if not immediately remedied by the authorities of the various counties."

When one visits the Police Court, sees the endless grist of drunks and disorderlies passed through that legal mill, and hears the imperious edict, "Two dollars and costs, or thirty days in gaol," the question suggests itself—Is there not some better way of disposing of these unfortunates? Surely it would seem wiser and more humane for the Government to erect and efficiently equip inebriate asylums, at least while it legally ruins men body and soul through the license system. Then the *poor* drunkard would

have a place of cure and protection from temptation as well as his richer brother, whose means can now procure him such a refuge without arrest and consequent disgrace.

Most of our county gaols need reorganizing in this matter of classification, and our city gaol should have added to it a new wing with the cells constructed on the English system, so that first offenders, and those awaiting trial, may be kept absolutely separate, not only from all other prisoners but from each other as well. It would be well, also, if the Reformatory at Penetanguishene were reorganized on the cottage plan, so that the family idea could be carried out and the home instincts cultivated, while the spread of vice would be in a large measure prevented.

Another important matter demanding more attention in some of our gaols is *systematic employment*. Enforced labour of some kind should be regularly engaged in by every capable inmate of prisons and reformatories, for surely if idleness is injurious in its effects outside it will be much more so inside. Enforced idleness has always a depressing effect on spirits and morals. One prisoner wrote on his cell wall, "twenty-one thousand times have I walked round this cell in a week; three thousand three hundred and thirty bricks in this cell."

Idleness, or slight and irregular employment, is likely to constitute an inducement for repeated returns to gaol. The chief warder of a Belfast prison tells of a prisoner who was discharged with a few shillings in his pocket. He returned after three days absence. When the "Black Maria" discharged its contents at the gaol door, the man leaped out, and, passing through the gates, struck a comical attitude, exclaiming quite enthusiastically—"Home! sweet home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!" Mr. Cook gives another sample of Irish prison wit. An officer overheard two prisoners chaffing each other—one had stolen a cow and the other had robbed a man of his watch. "Tim," said the first man, "what's the toime?" "Bedad," answered the other, "shure it's just milking toime." As a proof of one prisoner's poetic genius and of his love for an easy time in gaol, I quote part of a poem that was left behind in a cell of Portland Gaol:

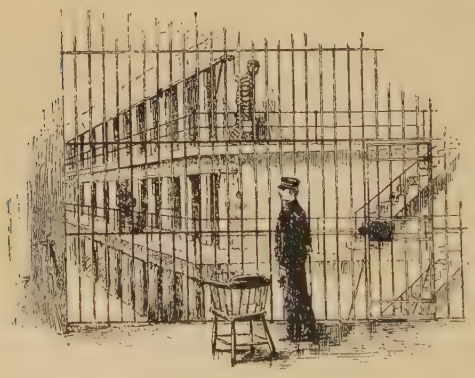
"I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For their kind care of me.

"Not more than others I deserve,
In fact much less than more;
Yet I have bread while others starve,
And beg from door to door.

"Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head ;
But I've a warm and well-aired cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.
. . . . .

"Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves ;
And while they treat us as they do
They'll never want for thieves."

No wonder that with these inducements inside, and without the deterrent of systematic employment, men, and even women, will commit larceny or some other breach of law, to find a comfortable though restricted home. Every capable inmate of prisons should be made to do some labour, no matter how brief their term, and in long terms should be made to work at some trade. Where possible he should be allowed to choose his form of employment, although that sometimes causes embarrassment, as in the case of one incorrigible who, when asked what trade he preferred, replied—"Well, if you ask me, I should like to be a *traveller.*"



BLOCK OF CELLS.

Though laying no claim to being a prison expert, there are a few things I would like to call attention to in prison management. It is well to ask ourselves frequently—What are the purposes for which our prisons exist? These purposes are as follows—(1) To punish the criminal for his crime. (2) To protect society from the criminal, and to deter others from committing crime. (3) To reform the criminal and help him to become a law-abiding and useful citizen.

The last named purpose is required by the Christian element in our civilization, and is the most efficient means of accomplishing the second purpose. There have been four or five different methods of prison management practised for the accomplishment of these purposes, and their efficiency must be tested by their success in furthering this threefold purpose of imprisonment.

1. There has been, and it is still practised, the method of *Penal*

exile. This has been tried by France, Portugal, and especially by Russia. The system was for a while in vogue even in England. The general verdict upon it is—absolute failure. It does punish the criminal of course. It does protect society at home, but what about society in the land of exile? It makes no attempt even to reform the criminal and make a good citizen of him.

2. The second method is the *Associated* or *American* system of imprisonment. This is in general use in many countries, and sometimes in combination with other systems. Its main deficiency is its lack of classification and intelligent discrimination in the work of reforming. Isolation and individual work would not be possible in a prison arranged after the plan shown in the cut on page 24.

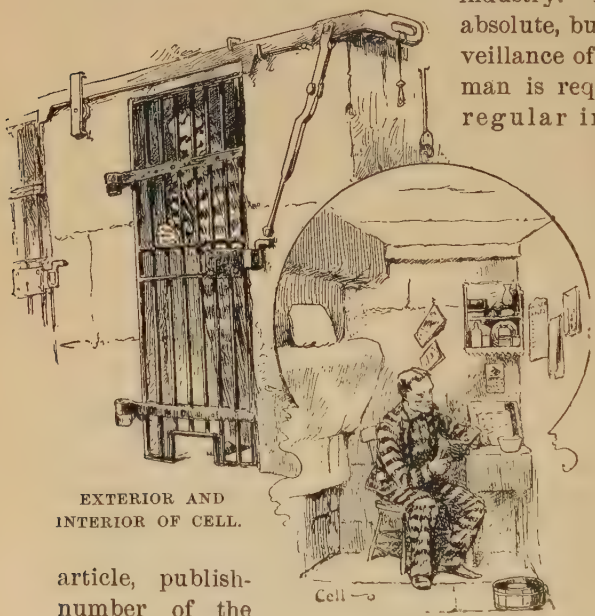
3. The *Solitary* system has been tried for some time in Belgium and Holland and of late in England and a few other countries. It should only be used for a limited time and in connection with some other system. Imagine the depressing effects of living in a cell, something like the one shown in the illustration on page 26, but without the possibility of even looking out at the door to see anyone.

4. There is the *Reformatory* system, as practised chiefly at Elmira in New York State. This is based on the idea that a criminal should be treated as a civic patient and put through a thorough course of intellectual, manual and general physical training surrounded by good moral influences. One essential point of the system is the plan of giving a criminal an indeterminate sentence. He is treated somewhat like a hospital patient, and is not only punished for his breach of law, but so skilfully and vigorously disciplined that the disposition to commit crime shall be cured, that process taking a longer or a shorter time in different cases. When the prison governor is persuaded that the convict is cured he possesses the power to release him on parole or probation. If he behaves himself well the parole develops into unrestrained freedom.

A sufficiently long test has not yet been made of this system, and adequate statistics have not yet been collected to enable us to pronounce positively upon its efficiency. The average term of fifteen to twenty months for reformation, as claimed by the authorities at Elmira, seems rather short to do thorough work. Too much power is put in the hands of one person—the Governor —and the temptation is to abuse it. If we can believe the stories told by inmates and others of the inhuman cruelties inflicted upon rebellious convicts by authority of the Governor, and the unjust favoritism extended to others, there would seem to be some ground

for Chaplain Searles, of Auburn State prison, calling the system *deformatory* rather than *reformatory*.

5. Another system, that is coming more generally into vogue, is the *Progressive* method. In the case of long-time criminals, the imprisonment begins with solitary confinement, and the criminal earns all the privileges he gets by good behaviour. In the second stage the prisoner passes to a "public works prison," where he is employed with others in out-of-door operations, the construction of some work of national utility. The third stage is one of conditional liberation, which is earned only by steady and continuous industry. This freedom is not absolute, but is under the surveillance of the police, and the man is required to report at regular intervals until his license expires. This system has been practised in both Belgium and England, and the results are very encouraging for its continuance and wider prevalence in other countries.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF CELL.

Major Griffiths, Her Majesty's Inspector of Prisons, in an interesting article, published in the March number of the *North American Review*, gives some convincing statistics. He says:

"During the last forty years in Belgium the number of convictions has decreased. While there were seven thousand convicts in 1850 to a population of four millions and a half, in 1889, with a population of six millions, the total was 4,634, and in the previous decade it had been lower.

"In England the decrease has been much more remarkable. It has been greater and more continuously downward. Between 1878 and 1893, the population of the local, or 'short-time' prisons, has fallen from 20,833 to 13,178, and yet during that period the general population of the country has increased by quite four millions. During almost exactly the same period the convicts, or those undergoing long sentences of penal servitude, have also decreased; where in 1878 the total population of the convict prisons, male and female, was 10,671, in 1892 it had fallen to 5,247, these numbers including convict lunatics, and a few survivals of transportation

in Western Australia. The strongest decrease has been in the female convicts, who in 1878 numbered 1,402, and in 1892 only 375."

Major Griffiths does not attribute this remarkable decrease wholly to the system of Prison Management. He recognizes the effects of various influences, such as the more general practice of judges shortening the term of imprisonment and withholding sentence on first offenders, the greater care of neglected youth, and the wide-reaching efforts of charitable societies in assisting discharged prisoners.

Before leaving this phase of the subject—prison work—I would strongly emphasize the absolute necessity of bringing the power of God in the Gospel of Jesus Christ to bear upon prisoners, as the only truly successful and permanent reformatory power. Dr. Browning, R.N., who has laboured successfully for many years among convicts of all kinds, says very truly:

"We hear much of various systems of prison discipline, as the Separate, the Silent, and the Congregate systems, but unless the *Christian system* be brought to bear with Divine power, on the understanding and consciences of criminals, every other system, professedly contemplating their reformation, must prove an utter failure.

"We willingly concede to various modes of prison discipline their just measure of importance, but to expect that human machinery, however perfect, can take the place of *God's own prescribed method* of reformation, involves not only ignorant presumption, but practical infidelity."

Let the Gospel be preached effectively to the prisoners, that its power may be displayed. The preaching needed in such places, as elsewhere, is the preaching of the Cross. The Rev. John Clay, in his "Life," thus speaks of the style of preaching adapted to criminals.

"The preacher may speak of heaven; but those men cannot understand him. They know of no happiness beyond gross, foul, animal indulgence. The preacher may speak of hell: and they will wince. It would be terrible. if true. But is it true? They harden themselves and won't believe it. But now let him preach Christ crucified, and mark the effect of the preaching. That strange, novel idea of God having actually suffered to save them from suffering, astounds and bewilders them. Vaguely and dimly they begin to feel that they ought, they must, they will love this Jesus who has so loved them. The old self-love is shaken; the new life from God is stirring within them; and when those men go back to their cells they kneel down, and in their half dumb, inarticulate fashion gasp out a prayer."

What is needed, is not so much preaching, as some suitable and divinely anointed visitors, who will regularly visit the prisoners in their cells, with the sanction of the governor, to read and talk with them personally. The demands of nature and prison discipline may lead them to come for their bodily rations as we see in the cut,

but we must go to them personally and break to them the Bread of Life. Such work will first of all keep the prisoner in touch with the great outside world, and make him feel that his fellow-men care for him and want to help him back to good citizenship. This will effectually kill that feeling which many criminals have of vindictiveness towards organized society and the determination to get even with it when they get out. The best effect of such individual work will be that whatever conversions take place will, most likely, be genuine and permanent.

What Michael Davitt says has too much truth in it. "It is by no means the least of the many saddening reflections which a prison experience engenders, that religion in prison is in nine cases out of ten put on, either for dishonest purposes or assumed in the no less reprehensible game of hypocrisy."

TAKING THEIR RATIONS.

Plenty of spiritual advisers are promptly on hand to proffer their councils to the man condemned to death, while comparatively few wise and consecrated Christians regularly offer to read and speak the Word of Life to the multitudes of men and women inside prison walls who will sooner or later go back into the walks of ordinary life for weal or woe. Mr. Cook's description of the customs of Newgate furnish an illustration of this solicitude concerning those condemned to death. Formerly the clerk or bellman of St. Sepulchre's used to go to Newgate on the night preceding an execution, and ringing his bell, repeat the following wholesome advice:

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!"

Over the bed of the condemned in the same prison hangs the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," words easy to read but hard to obey with the guilt of murder on the soul. Other texts on the walls are, "Hope thou in God," and "God is love." We should

not neglect those who are to die by force of law, but we should pay more attention to those who may yet live for years of blessing or blighting. In and out of prison it is best to make the life right and the death will be satisfactory.

I have already written at too great length, but I cannot close without saying a few words about Post-Prison work. I fear we are not doing our duty in looking after and helping discharged prisoners. On the other hand I know that the wicked imps of Satan are doing all they can to help them back to their old life and haunts of vice, often planning welcoming carousals for the night after discharge. I have seen lecherous louts, villainous vampires, called men, hanging round the prison gateway to waylay and entice discharged women, furnishing another instance of the fact that the children of this world are not only wiser but more persistent in their evil methods than the children of light.

Few persons can imagine the feelings of those who pass out of the prison doors into the crowded, busy and relentless world. Some convicts come out of prison hardened in sin and determined to continue their reckless, predatory life. Others have seen the folly, if not the guilt, of their wrong-doing, and pass out with changed purposes to do better, or at least to avoid future detection. A few come out with entirely changed natures, with past guilt pardoned, to make a new start in life, if the world will only let them. By far the largest number are weak people who find it hard to resist frequent enticements to do wrong, and live down the odium of prison life.

All these need the cheery "God bless you," and the practical helping hand of wise and hearty Christian workers to tide them over the first dangerous period, when temptation is strong and relapse into wrong easy, helping them to honest employment, and encouraging them to continued exertion by timely but not demoralizing assistance.

This last-named work, that of assisting discharged prisoners to honest employment, is of incalculable importance. An ordinary out-of-work who has not come out of prison can make unsuccessful application to dozens of places for work, but two or three refusals to a discharged convict make him feel that he is a marked man, and that whereas he was once walled in from the outside world he is now walled out from remunerative toil and respectable business.

I take pleasure in commending the work of the Prisoners' Aid Society of Ontario, both in and out of prison, and am glad they are trying to overtake the needs for this work. It has opened a Home for discharged prisoners at 150 Simcoe Street, and is endeavouring to help some back to honest lives.

THE REV. JAMES EVANS.

SCENES IN THE GREAT NORTH LAND.

BY THE REV. E. R. YOUNG.*

WITHOUT question, the Rev. James Evans was the grandest and most successful of all our Indian missionaries. Of him it can be said most emphatically, while others have done well, he excelled them all.

In burning zeal, in heroic efforts, in journeyings oft, in tact that never failed in many a trying hour in success most marvellous, in a vivacity and sprightliness that never succumbed to discouragement, in a faith that never faltered, and in a solicitude for the spread of our blessed Christianity that never grew less, James Evans stands among us without a peer.

If full accounts of his long journeys in the wilds of the great North-West could be written, they would equal in thrilling interest anything of the kind known in modern missionary annals. There is hardly an Indian Mission of any prominence to-day in the whole of the vast North-West, whether belonging to the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, or the Methodist Church, that James Evans did not commence; and the reason why the Methodist Church to-day does not hold them all is, because the Church did not respond to his thrilling appeals, and send in men to take possession and hold the fields as fast as they were successfully opened up by him.

From the northern shores of Lake Superior away to the *ultima Thule* that lies beyond the waters of Athabasca and Slave Lakes, where the Aurora Borealis holds high carnival; from the beautiful prairies of the Bow and Saskatchewan Rivers to the muskegs and sterile regions of Hudson's Bay; from the fair and fertile domains of Red and Assiniboia Rivers, to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, enduring footprints of James Evans may still be seen.

At many a camp-fire, and in many a lonely wigwam, old Indians yet linger, whose eyes brighten and whose tongues wax eloquent as they recall that man whose deeds live on, and whose converts from a degrading paganism are still to be counted by scores.

His canoe trips were often of many weeks' duration, and extended for thousands of miles. No river seemed too rapid, and no

* Abridged from "By Canoe and Dog-Train." Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

lake too stormy, to deter him in his untiring zeal to find out the Indian in his solitudes, and preach to him the ever-blessed Gospel. Ever on the look-out for improvements to aid him in more rapid transit through the country, Mr. Evans constructed a canoe out

OUR NORTHERN SOLITUDES.

of sheet tin. This the Indians called the "Island of light," on account of its flashing back the sun's rays as it glided along, propelled by the strong paddles in the hands of the well-trained crew. With them they carried in this novel craft solder and soldering-

iron, and when they had the misfortune to run upon a rock they went ashore and quickly repaired the injured place.

Mr. Evans had been for years a minister and missionary in the Canadian Methodist Church. With the Rev. William Case he had been very successfully employed among the Indians in the Province of Ontario. When the English Wesleyan Society decided to begin work among the neglected tribes in the Hudson's Bay Territories, the Rev. James Evans was the man appointed to be the leader of the devoted band. In order to reach Norway House, which was to be his first principal Mission, his household effects had to be shipped from Toronto to England, and thence reshipped to York Factory on the Hudson Bay. From this place they had to be taken up by boats to Norway House in the interior, a distance of five hundred miles. Seventy times had they to be lifted out of these inland boats and carried along the portages around falls and cataracts ere they reached their destination.

Mr. Evans himself went by boat from Toronto. The trip from Thunder Bay in Lake Superior to Norway House was performed in a birch bark canoe. Hundreds of Indians listened to his burning messages, and great good was done by him and his faithful companions in arms, among them being the heroic Mr. Barnley, and Mr. Rundle, of the English Wesleyan Church.

The great work of Mr. Evans' life, and that with which his name will be ever associated, was undoubtedly the invention and perfecting of what is now so widely known as the Cree Syllabic Characters. What first led him to this invention was the difficulty he and others had in teaching the Indians to read in the ordinary way. They are hunters, and so are very much on the move, like the animals they seek.

The principle of the characters which he adopted is phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable; hence no spelling is required. As soon as the alphabet is mastered, and a few additional secondary signs, some of which represent consonants, and some aspirates, and some partially change the sound of the main character, the Indian student, be he a man or woman of eighty, or a child of six years, can commence at the first chapter of Genesis and read on, slowly of course at first, but in a few days with surprising ease and accuracy.

Many were Mr. Evans' difficulties in perfecting this invention and putting it in practical use, even after he had got the scheme clear and distinct in his own mind. He was hundreds of miles away from civilization. Very little, indeed, had he with which to work. Yet with him there was no such word as failure. Obtaining, as a great favour, the thin sheets of lead that were around

the tea-chests of the fur traders, he melted these down into little bars, and from them cut out his first types. His ink was made

AT THE FOOT OF THE RAPIDS. "WITH HIS LIGHT CANOE HE CAN GO ALMOST ANYWHERE."

out of the soot of the chimneys, and his first paper was birch bark. After a good deal of effort, and the exercise of much ingenuity, he made a press, and then the work began.

Great, indeed, was the amazement and delight of the Indians

The fact that the bark could "talk" was to them most wonderful. Portions of the Gospels were first printed, and then some of the beautiful hymns. The story of this invention reached the Wesleyan home Society. Generous help was afforded. A good supply of these types was cast in London, and, with a good press and all the essential requisites, including a large quantity of paper, was sent out to that Mission, and for years it was the great point from which considerable portions of the Word of God were scattered among the wandering tribes, conferring unnumbered blessings upon them. In later years the noble British and Foreign Bible Society has taken charge of the work; and now, thanks to their generosity, the Indians have the blessed Word scattered among them, and thousands can read its glorious truths.

All the Churches having Missions in that great land have availed themselves, more or less, of Mr. Evans' invention. To suit other tribes speaking different languages, the characters have been modified or have had additions to them, to correspond with sounds in those languages which were not in the Cree. Even in Greenland the Moravian missionaries are now using Evans' Syllabic Characters with great success among the Esquimaux.*

When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, hearing that a couple of missionaries from the Indian tribes were in Ottawa, where he resided, he sent a courteous request for us to call upon him. With two or three friends Mr. Crosby, our successful and energetic missionary from British Columbia, and I, obeyed the summons.

The interview was a very pleasant and profitable one. Lord Dufferin questioned Mr. Crosby about British Columbia and his work, and was pleased to hear of his great success. After a bright and earnest conversation with me in reference to the Indians of the North-West Territories, in which his Excellency expressed his solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the aboriginal tribes of red men, he made some inquiries in reference to missionary work among them, and seemed much pleased with the answers I was able to give. In mentioning the help I had in my work, I showed him my Cree Indian Testament printed in Evans' Syllabic Characters, and explained the invention to him. At once his curiosity was excited, and, jumping up, he hurried off for pen and ink, and got me to write out the whole alphabet for him; and then, with the glee and vivacity for which his

* The Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, is now printing an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in these characters.—Ed.

lordship was so noted, he constituted me his teacher, and commenced at once to master them.

As their simplicity, and yet wonderful adaptation for their designed work, became evident to him—for in a short time he was able to read a portion of the Lord's Prayer—Lord Dufferin was much excited, and, getting up from his chair and holding up the Testament in his hand, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Young, what a blessing to humanity the man was who invented that alphabet!" Then he added, "I profess to be a kind of a literary man myself, and try to keep posted up in my reading of what is going on, but I never heard of this before. The fact is, the nation has given many a man a title and a pension, and then a resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures."

ᑲᑎᐯᓄᐦᑭᕀᐣ ᐅᑕᓴᒥᐦᐊᐠᐤᐣ

ᓂᑕᓇᐣ ᑭᐦᑭᑭᓯᐟᕽ ᐁᐊᐠᓴᓄᐣ, ᑭᑕᑭᑘᑌᓄᐦᑕᒃᐣ ᑭᐃᐧᐦᐅᐃᐧᐣ;

ᑭᐣᑌᓇᐃᐧᐃᐧᐣ ᑭᑕᐃᐧᐅᑭᐦᑎᑕᓄᐠ; ᐁᐃᑌᓄᐦᑕᒪ ᑕᐃᐧᐃᐦᑭᐣ ᐅᑕ ᐊᐢᑭᕽ ᑲᐃᑭ ᐃᐦᑭᕽ ᑭᓯᕽ.

ᒥᓄᓇᐣ ᐊᓂᐦ ᑲᑭᓯᑲᐠ ᑫ ᐅᐦᑭ ᐱᒪᑎᓯᐠᕽ.

ᐁᑲᐃᐧᐠ ᐱᓯᐢᑫᓄᐦᑕ ᓂᒪᑎᐣ ᑕᒧᐃᐧᐣᓀᓇᓇ, ᑫ ᐃᓯ ᐁᑲ ᐱᓯᐢᑫ ᓄᐦᑕᒧ ᑲᒪᑎᑕᑯᐃᐧᐠᐧᐠ;

ᒪᒥᓴᓀᐃᐧᐣ ᑭᑎᐁᑲᒪᑎᐣᑕᒪᕽ; ᐸᑎᐱᐠᐊᒪᐃᐧᓇᐣ ᑲᒪᐠᑕᕽ:

ᑭᐠ ᑭᐣᑌᓇᐃᐧᐃᐧᐣ, ᒥᓇ ᓄᐦᑲᑎᓯᐃᐧᐣ, ᒥᓇ ᑭᐦᐞᓄᐠᐃᐧᐃᐧᐣ, ᑲᑭᑫ, ᒥᓇ ᑲᑭᑫ· ᐁᒣᐣ.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CREE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

Like an apostle Paul in primitive times, or like a Coke or Asbury in the early years of this century, so travelled James Evans. When we say he travelled thousand of miles each year on his almost semi-continental journeys, we must remember that these were not performed by coach or railroad, or even with horse and carriage, or in the saddle or sailing vessel, but by canoe and dog-train. How much of hardship and suffering that means, we are thankful but few of our readers will ever know. There are a few of us who do know something of these things, and this fellowship of his suffering knits our hearts in loving memory to him who excelled us all, and the fragrance of whose name and unselfish devotion to his work met us almost everywhere, although years had passed away since James Evans had entered into his rest. "He being dead yet speaketh."

The Christian Indians had been taught by their faithful missionaries the Fourth Commandment, and they kept it well.

Although far from their homes and their beloved sanctuary, they respected the day. When they camped on Saturday night, all the necessary preparations were made for a quiet, restful Sabbath. All the wood that would be needed to cook the day's supplies was secured, and food that required cooking was prepared. Guns were stowed away, and although sometimes ducks or other game would come near, they were not disturbed. Generally two religious services were held and enjoyed. The testaments and hymn-books were well used throughout the day, and an atmosphere of "Paradise Regained" seemed to pervade the place.

At first, long years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company's officials bitterly opposed the observance of the Sabbath by their boatmen and tripmen; but the missionaries were true and firm, and although persecution for a time abounded, eventually right and truth prevailed, and our Christian Indians were left to keep the day without molestation. And, as has always been found to be the case in such instances, there was no loss, but rather gain. Our Christian Indians, who rested the Sabbath day, were never behind-hand. On the long trips into the interior or down to York Factory or Hudson Bay, these Indian canoe brigades used to make better time, have better health, and bring up their boats and cargoes in better shape, than the Catholic half-breeds or pagan Indians, who pushed on without any day of rest. Years of studying this question, judging from the standpoint of the work accomplished and its effects upon man's physical constitution, apart altogether from its moral and religious aspect, most conclusively taught me that the institution of the one day in seven as a day of rest is for man's highest good.

So destitute are these wild north lands of roads that there are really no distinct words in the languages of these northern tribes to represent land vehicles. In translating such words as "waggon" or "chariot" into the Cree language, a word similar to that for "dog sled" had to be used.

So numerous are the lakes and rivers that roads are unnecessary to the Indian in the summer time. With his light birch canoe he can go almost everywhere he desires. If obstructions block up his passage, all he has to do is to put his little canoe on his head, and a short run will take him across the portage, or around the cataracts or falls, or over the height of land to some other lake or stream, where he quickly embarks and continues his journey.

All summer travelling is done along the water routes. Naturally the various trading-posts and Indian villages or encampments are located on the edges of the lakes or rivers, or very near them, so

as to be most conveniently reached in this way. So short are the summers that there are only about five months of open water to be depended upon in these high latitudes. During the other seven months the dog sled is the only conveyance for purposes of travelling. So rough and wild is the country that we know of no vehicle that could take its place, and no animals that could do the work of the dogs.

WINTER TRAVEL.

The trail to Nelson is through one of the finest fur-producing regions of the North-West. Here the wandering Indian hunters make their living by trapping such animals as the black and silver foxes, as well as the more common varieties of that animal. Here are to be found otters, minks, martens, beavers, ermines, bears, wolves, and many other kinds of the fur-bearing animals. Here the black bears are very numerous. On one canoe trip one summer we saw no less than seven of them, one of which we shot and lived on for several days.

Here come the adventurous fur traders to purchase these valuable skins, and great fortunes have been made in the business. If, merely to make money and get rich, men are willing to put up with the hardships and privations of the country, what a disgrace to us if, for their souls' sake, we are afraid to follow in those hunters' trail, or, if need be, show them the way, that we may go with the glad story of a Saviour's love!

"We are toiling through the darkness, but our eyes behold the light
That is mounting up the eastern sky and beating back the night.
Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when our Lord will come in might,
For Truth is marching on.

"He will come in glorious majesty to sweep away all wrong;
He will heal the broken-hearted and will make His people strong;
He will teach our souls His righteousness, our hearts a glad new song,
For Truth is marching on.

"He is calling on His people to be faithful, prompt, and brave,
To uplift again the fallen, and to help from sin to save,
To devote themselves for others, as Himself for them He gave,
For Truth is marching on.

"Let us fight against the evils with our faces towards the light;
God is looking through the darkness, and He watches o'er the fight,
And His joy will be our recompense, His triumph crown the right,
For Truth is marching on."

UNDER THE POTTER'S HAND.

BY E. O. WERDEN.

"We are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand."—Isa. lxiv. 8.

"Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"—Rom. ix. 21.

The Potter is putting His foot to the wheel;
'Tis turning swiftly round and round;
And heavy upon me His hand I feel,
Where too much of earth He has found.

Yet slack not the speed of Thy treading, my Lord,
For plaint I may make of my pain;
The losses of earth sustained at Thy hand,
Must prove to me infinite gain.

If perfectly patterned at last may I stand,
If good in Thy sight I be found,
As nought then I'll count the throes I now feel;
The wheel, Lord, keep whirling it round.

A DAY WITH THE DEAF MUTES, BELLEVILLE.

BY REV. E. N. BAKER, M.A., B.D.

MR. R. MATHISON,
Superintendent of Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

BELLEVILLE—beautiful city—is an educational centre. It has a good common and high school, two first-class business colleges, Albert College doing most efficient work for the Church and country, and, last of all, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. For situation, size and equipment, the last is first. This magnificent pile of buildings, consisting of the main school, the workshops, the hospital, and the residence of the principal, is situated about a mile west of the city on the beautiful Bay of Quinte. It is fully equipped with a most efficient staff of teachers and all necessary helps for the training of the unfortunate class of deaf mutes. It is a Christian institution, its very idea is Christian. It is a monument of the Christian spirit of this age. It is Applied Christianity in bricks and mortar. The management is Christian! not Roman Catholic, nor Anglican, nor Presbyterian, nor Baptist, nor Methodist; it is Catholic, in the true sense of the word. The different pastors of the city can, through an interpreter, each address the pupils of his religious denomination as frequently as he desires at the close of the school.*

The Institution is practically free, as there is only a few pupils whose parents pay anything. The tuition, books and medical

* From the last report of the institution we learn that the total number of pupils in attendance in 1893 was 298. From the beginning of the institution there have been in all 982 pupils who have received a more or less thorough education. The report of the public inspector states: "It is safe to add the observation that the unusual success of the literary training of the pupils of the Institution arises from a practical common-sense

ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE.

attendance are free. The pupil is taught, besides the literary schooling, a trade. For the boys there is printing, carpentering, and shoe-making; for the girls domestic work, tailoring, and dress-making.

What this Institution is doing for the individual who is so unfortunate as to require its assistance can be known, in part, by seeing the pupils when they first came to the school, and observing them when they go away after their seven years' course. With few exceptions, when they come, they are morally as well as intellectually incapable of performing the duties of citizenship. The exceptions are those who have been carefully guarded by parents and associates at home and who are naturally bright. These may pass through life without showing much defect in conduct or character. But the great majority are almost, if not altogether, ignorant of moral and religious obligations. They are subject to strong passions that sway their actions without restraint. This is easily accounted for. They are not only uneducated, and so incapable of understanding the laws of God and man, but they have been given almost free liberty to gratify every wish.

What a task the teacher has before him! He is to take this child without any means of communication with the outside world except sight, and without any knowledge of words or their use. He is to present facts so clearly to them through the eye that they are to get them distinctly—a task that requires patience, faith, gentleness, and long-suffering hope; in fact, every Christian virtue is required in those who would successfully teach the mute.

No more interesting, and I venture to say, few more profitable days could be spent than to visit the classes in the Institution. In the primary class the teacher sketches objects on the board, and the figure or picture gives the deaf child a conception of what is meant. These repeated efforts supply words necessary to

course of study adapted to the capacity and need of the inmates, consistent with itself, and carried out uniformly and with unanimity by a competent and willing staff of teachers. One of the most beautiful and affecting sights is the reverence and decorum with which the children, when assembled, render in their mute language the Lord's Prayer." A handsomely printed paper is published in the Institution to teach printing to some of the pupils. Mr. Mathison, the superintendent, wishes to know the names and post-office address of parents of deaf and dumb children throughout the country, not attending school, that they may be informed where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education. Religious instruction is given by visiting clergymen of the different churches of the town, and ministers of all denominations are cordially invited to visit the institution. Instruction is given in printing, shoe and carpenter-work, and to the girls in sewing and domestic work.

express a name or an action. The manual letters of the alphabet are placed before the child in pictured form, and their formation with the hand follows as a daily drill. A child of ordinary intelligence very soon gets the alphabet. The next step is to teach objects. They are placed before the child—say a hat, boy, girl, slate, desk, or the like. Their names are spelled slowly. The pupil is deeply interested and soon catches the idea. They express the joy in their countenance as the new ideas enter the mind.

The next step is to perform actions or describe actions performed by others. The teacher touches the hat or slate and tells what he did. The child soon grasps the idea and will express in words the simple action performed. As the child's mind expands and new ideas are introduced, simple sentences are constructed. The adjectives, adverbs or qualifying words are clearly defined by figures or actual comparisons. For example, "John is a big boy;" if there is a big boy named John present, he is presented to the class and compared with a little boy. If actual comparison is impossible, two boys of the required sizes are sketched on the board.

The second or third year finds the pupils writing short letters home. Some of these letters written by the senior pupils are models of neatness and marvels of intellectual training.

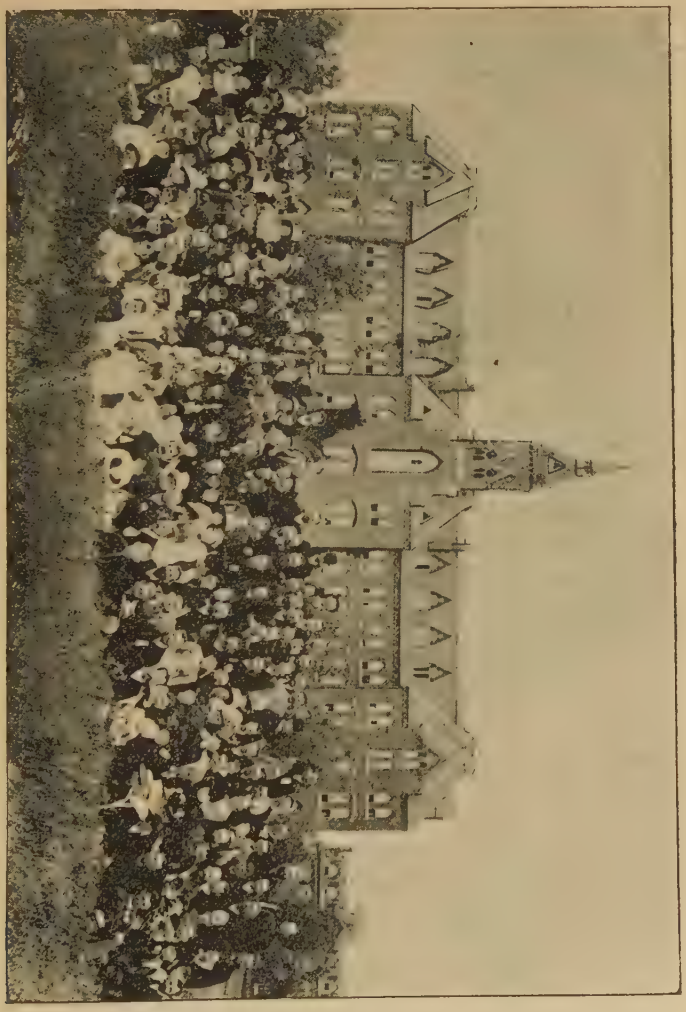
Articulation, or visible speech, is taught to all pupils capable of benefiting by it. The great majority of the pupils are not capable of benefiting, and of those who are, it is only the most common and familiar sentences, and with those with whom they associate from day to day, that they can understand. That any mutes can be taught so that they can express themselves in words, and also, by the motion of the lips, understand what is said to them, is one of the wonders of the age.

Marvellous have been the results of the work among the deaf and dumb, not only in the few prodigies who have been here, but in nearly all who have come to the Institution. The mind and heart have been reached, and both have been educated. Graduates of these schools are the peers of their more fortunate fellows in all that constitutes true manhood. They can reason intelligently, and have a just conception of God and the plan of redemption. A teacher of many years says, "I firmly believe that their faith in salvation as taught in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, is more firm and unchanging than that of most hearing people." They do not have to say,

> "If our love were but more simple,
> We should take Him at His word."

Their love is simple, they take God at His word.

Is deafness hereditary? This is a debatable question. Dr. A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone and also of the system of visible speech, says it is, and that deaf persons should not marry. But census statistics carefully prepared in the United States and Canada show that such marriages do not result in a



CONVENTION OF GRADUATES OF THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION, BELLEVILLE.

(Photographed by a Deaf Artist.)

deaf offspring. In Ontario, where there are many deaf mutes married, there is, so far as known, only one deaf child the result of such marriages. Congenital deafness is more often traced to consanguineous marriages and intemperate habits. There are striking instances where there are no apparent causes. There are

now at the Institution four children from the same family, all mutes, whose parents were neither blood relations nor intemperate.

It is a great affliction, one that we who have always had these senses, cannot understand, nor can one that has always suffered the loss know what they are deprived of, but those who once heard and have lost the power can. Never have I heard this more beautifully or pathetically put than in a letter I received from the late J. B. Ashley a few weeks before he died. He wrote me the following:

"I was over thirty years of age when the sweet sounds of nature were silenced to my hearing. I had then experienced so much pleasure from oratory on the platform and in the pulpit, vocal and instrumental music, the laughter of happy children, the singing of birds, the sighing of the winds, that the losing of my hearing was a terrible deprivation. I was passionately fond of public speaking, music entranced me with a sort of heavenly influence. The warbling of the birds in the early spring-time seemed like a benediction from the Giver of all good.

"Perhaps the most delightful sounds that can reach our ears is the laughter of children when enjoying their out-door play. Since losing my hearing it has been hard to reconcile myself to my lot. I worried over the great loss so acutely that my mind became clouded, but when enjoying good health I enjoy many of the pleasures of life and am enabled to say to my Heavenly Father, 'Thy will be done.'"

We who have the blessing of hearing and speech are, or ought to be, thankful to God, and should use these gifts to His glory. We also join with those who are deprived of them in thanking God that we have in our Province an institution so fully equipped that will bring to these afflicted ones the blessings of communication and also educate them for the life to come.

CANADA'S EMBLEM.

Our beautiful Canadian maple-tree
In varying pomp of rich and rare attire,
Autumnal tints in turn the forest fire,
Or summer's glow of quivering leaves we see,
Or tender vernal green. Thou art to me
A constant joy. In spring who may aspire
To paint thy fairy feathery bloom, or hire
Carmine to give thy hidden tracery?
As from thy wounds ambrosial sweetness drew
Our sires, or hewed thee down, we plant once more
And twine and wreath, beyond Olympian bay
Prized far; and emulate each day anew
In our north land, of grace and strength thy store;
Light, sweetness, help to give like thee we pray.

—Miss Carnachan.

PROPHETS, THE NEED OF THE CHURCH*

BY THE REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A.,

Rural Dean of Toronto.

WHAT is a prophet? We must first understand what manner of men prophets are before we can tell whether they are needed by the Church.

Turning to our dictionaries, we find that a prophet is called in Hebrew נָבִיא, in Greek *προφητής*, in Latin *Propheta*. The ordinary Hebrew term is Nâbi, from Nabba, to bubble forth like a fountain, and would seem to signify one who, under an irresistible impulse of God's Spirit, breaks out into spiritual utterances. Ps. xlv. 5 (R.V.) "My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter," or, "is bubbling up of a good matter." A prophet is primarily not a *fore*-teller but a *forth*-teller; one who pours forth—as a spokesman—the announcements of God.

Two other Hebrew words are employed—רֹאֶה (Roëh) and חֹזֶה (Chozeh), one who sees, or a seer—one whose eyes are opened towards God, who possesses spiritual insight, who can see and cause to be seen by others the Truth of God. The same persons are designated by the three terms.

The word *propheetees* in classical Greek signifies one who speaks for, or as the mouthpiece of, another, especially of a God. In popular speech, the word prophecy commonly signifies prediction; although, like the word Inspiration, it is used both in a broader and in a narrower sense. The prophet, then, is one who utters forth the truth which has been communicated to him by God.

The ancient prophets formed an order distinct from the priests. The priestly order were at first the sole teachers and rulers of the Jewish Theocracy; but during the time of the Judges the priesthood degenerated, and with them the people. Samuel was a great religious reformer, and he organized the old prophetical order which has existed all along, and raised it to a new importance.

With a view of placing his work on a permanent footing he instituted the Companies or Colleges of the Prophets (1 Sam. xix. 19, 20), to which others were added at various points after his death. The prophets were teachers. Their chief study was the

* An address delivered before the Toronto Ministerial Association.

law and its interpretation. Music and poetry formed part of the course. Weekly or monthly meetings were held for the exercise of the prophetic gift. The prophets were not opposed to the priests or princes as such, but they fearlessly taught the truth, whomsoever it might hit, and denounced unrighteousness wherever it was found, from the throne downwards.

The prophet married or not as he chose; but his manner of life, his dress, his diet, were stern, austere, and unconformed to the world.

But to belong to the prophetic order was one thing, and to possess the prophetic gift was another. One might be of the order without having the gift, or have the gift without being in the order. Generally the inspired prophet was a graduate of the College of the Prophets and a member of the order. When Amaziah would silence Amos, the latter replies: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." (Amos vii. 14.) The sixteen canonical prophets seemed to have belonged to the prophetic order, as well as to have possessed the prophetic gift. Hundreds of prophets contemporaneous with them, who had received like training, are not raised to the same dignity, because they lacked the divine call and the inner sight and light. Isaiah, vi. 8; Jeremiah, i. 5; and Amos, vii. 16, declare their special mission.

Nor was it enough for this call to have been made once for all. Each prophetical utterance springs from a distinct communication made by the Divine to the human spirit.

What then are the characteristics of the canonical prophets?*

1. They were the national poets. 2. They were annalists and historians. 3. They were preachers of patriotism. 4. They were teachers of morals and of spiritual religion. 5. They were extraordinary, but yet authorized, exponents of the law. See Isaiah's description of a true fast (c. 58)—it being their special office to bring out the inner and spiritual side of duty and of truth. 6. They held a pastoral or quasi-pastoral office. 7. They were a political power in the state. 8. They were instruments for revealing God's will and purposes to men, especially by predicting future events.

When we pass to New Testament prophets we find them to be chiefly supernaturally-illuminated expounders and preachers. Prophecy was a spiritual gift which enabled men to understand

* See "Smith's Bible Dictionary."

and teach the truths of Christianity, especially as veiled in the New Testament, and to exhort and warn with authority and effect greater than human. (1 Cor. xii.)

Has the Church a need of prophets at the present time?

Surely we need Christian national poets. Our hymn-writers do in a measure supply this need. Their influence is enormous. "Let me make the songs of a nation and let any you choose make the laws." But what we need is a poet of deeper insight, of more majestic flight than a Cowper, a Milton, a Tennyson, or a Browning. The great poets are the interpreters and moulders of thought of their age, a mighty barrier against the flood of materialism and of atheism.

We need great Christian historians, who shall give history in its true colours, as showing the footsteps of God, and who shall neutralize the perverted learning and the anti-Christian bias of a Gibbon. And we need prophets and preachers with patriotic hearts. We need prophets more than we do fashioners of theological systems. Prophets who shall bring out the inner and spiritual side of truth and duty, in its application to all relations of life—domestic, social and national. We need Christian prophets. God-inspired scourgers of mere ministers of routine who speak their denominational shibboleth rather than the vital truths which God has spoken to their hearts and which are experimentally the guide and spring and inspiration of their lives. We need Christian prophets, who will not parade in sacerdotal garb, or rest in symbolic sacrifices, or mystic symbolism, or æsthetic forms, or temple music; but who will breathe into their worship the breath of life, and lift up the voice of a trumpet in the slumbrous sanctuary.

We need political prophets of the Bible type, and Christian politicians, not of pinchbeck, but of gold — men who are Christians first and politicians afterwards, not politicans first and Christians as may seem expedient. Prophets who seek not to make Churches into political machines, but to scour our ballot-boxes with the fuller's soap of righteousness and truth which alone can exalt a nation, and to turn statesmen and rulers into servants of God. We need outspoken mouthpieces of heaven, who call a spade a spade, and fearlessly assault with the club of God's Holy Word every kind of wickedness in high places, so that our Herods of the nineteenth century must either silence their reprover or give up their harlot.

We need college-bred prophets. We could not do without them in the ordinary work of the Church; but still more do we need from time to time an Amos, a Luther, and a Moody, who come

clothed with spiritual power from the presence of God Himself, untrammelled by the conventionalities of the Churches, and who depart with an empty purse, having not exalted themselves but the Lord Christ. We have college-bred preachers and sermon-makers in abundance, who study how to gather and hold an audience, and make good collections, and who have a quick ear for certain calls—"Speak, my lords, for thy servant heareth."

We have a goodly number of prophets, well housed, well dressed, and well fed, and crowding into cities; but the Church would be none the worse of a few more in garments of camel's hair, ready to go into the wilderness and live on the modern or local equivalent to locusts and wild honey.

The prophets—the great prophets—were reformers. They swam against the stream; they shouted out in God's name, not what the people wanted to hear, but what God bid them say, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear, and their stipend was regularly paid in stones and arrows and stripes. We surely need more of such men.

But what are the conditions of our modern prophet or pastor under the voluntary system? Would it be anything short of a miracle, if he fulfilled the rôle of a great prophet? Hired by a congregation to voice the opinions of the purse majority of his supporters, he is liable at any day to be removed, or frozen out, or starved out, with a wife and family, it may be, dependent upon him. Liable he is at any rate, to lose a hearing by those who spew out unpalatable truth, and thus he forfeits the very pulpit from which he has the opportunity of testifying to the truth that is in him. How shall he withstand Ahab or Diotrephes to his face, and tell him by name that he is troubling Israel?

We can all crow loudly and clap our wings bravely on our own dunghill, surrounded by an admiring flock, but how many of us will take in hand to reprove or rebuke or oppose our own constituency? Many a man is praised for his brave outspokenness, because when safe inside his own fence he has rated soundly the passers by. How brave a thing it is for a Protestant minister in an Orange constituency to lash the Pope and Roman Catholicism, when perhaps he dare not do anything else!

How should the modern prophet set himself to oppose the popular social or religious fad, or delusion, or bigotry, or traditionalism of his denomination, or of his age?

I remember noticing, when I first went to live in the neighbouring States, how men smacked their lips when they said such and such a minister was *popular*. That word summed up all minis-

terial virtues: Popular, popular, so very popular. There was nothing more to be said. I could not help recalling Christ's words: "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." Popularity is the minister's golden calf, as it was Aaron's—he pleased the people. A Popular Preacher we often hear of; but what an incongruous title were that of a Popular Prophet! Has the Church so great need of fore-tellers, who can peer into futurity and tell us what is coming, even to the year and the day? There has been no lack of such, and if these men were willing to stand the good old Mosaic test, no one could object, though such literature would be thereby much curtailed. "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously. *That prophet shall die.*" (Deut. xviii. 20, 22.)

What we need more is the prophet who expounds not his own ideas, but the ideas of God; who preaches not himself, but Christ and His Word—who, taught by the Spirit, sees and sets forth the things of the Spirit as revealed in God's Word by the Spirit, but clothes the old Bible truths in modern words and forms and imagery so as to make them clear and vivid to the mind and heart and conscience of even the common people—a prophet who speaks as one having authority, because God speaks through him; who speaks the truth in power and yet in love, as Christ's great prophet spoke it, a prophet who scorns luxury and ease, and whose life is as the body of the spear to press home the point of his teaching. Such prophets are needed in the Church.

"The preacher is a messenger; his sermon is a message; he receives it from God; partly through the Bible, *i.e.*, through messengers of olden times, partly through the Church, *i.e.*, through the spiritual consciousness of devout souls of all time, partly by direct communion with God. His message is one of faith, hope and love—faith, a spiritual consciousness; hope, a glad expectancy; love, an unselfish service. Its value is measured, not by its literary or oratorical excellence, but by its life-giving qualities. . . His message in spirit is the same which has been given by the prophets of all the ages, but its form must be adapted to the thought forms of his own time. And while his immediate object must be the inspiration of the individual, his ultimate object must be so to give that inspiration that a new social order, an order of love and not of ordered and regulated selfishness should rule in the social, the industrial, and the political world.

"I add, to any young man who may read these pages, and who is deliberating the question of his profession, that never was the cloth or the pulpit less venerated than now; never was so scant respect paid to the mere vestment and standing-place; but never did an age or a nation so greatly need the prophet, . . and never was an age or nation more ready

to hear and heed the prophet, if he comes to it inspired by the consciousness of a divine message."*

Dear brethren, I fear that my address has broken out into what might be termed a *concio ad clerum*—an Episcopal charge; but, believe me, I have spoken these words with deep self-conviction, and there is none among you who more needs to lay them to heart.

I am sure you will all join with me in devoutly offering our Church of England collect for St. John Baptist's Day:

"Almighty God, by whose providence Thy servant John Baptist was wonderfully born, and sent to prepare the way of Thy Son our Saviour, by preaching ofrepentance; Make us so to follow his doctrine and holy life, that we may truly repent according to his preaching; and after his example constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

JESUS!

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Jesus, my Guide,
The way is all unknown,—walk Thou before,
So I may plant my feet where Thine have been,
And stray no more.

Jesus, my Light!
When night falls thickly down, shine through the dark,
So shall I fearlessly press on until
I reach the mark.

Jesus, my Life!
Though heart and flesh may fail, Thou art the same,—
Give of Thy strength, so shall my soul forget
Her weary frame.

Jesus, my King!
Let me but hear Thy voice, and I obey—
Thou art my Life, my Light, my Guide through gloom
To endless day.

Jesus, my God!
The close cannot be far, of earthly years;
The time draws nigh when Thine own tender touch
Shall dry my tears.

TORONTO.

*Lyman Abbott, "What Are a Christian Preacher's Functions."—*Forum*, July, 1893.

SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE MINISTER.

ABBEY AND FISHING-BOAT.

A HANDFUL of fishermen's cottages, and a cluster of mills on the brae above them were, maybe, all that a lone stranger would see in Skyrle. And seeing these, I doubt he would get never a hint of its life, tossing like a shuttle from factory to shore, from green wave to dusty loom.

It is not everywhere that you find the noise of the mills drowned by the roar of the sea; or the simple ways of the fisher-folk mixing with the wheels and whirl of the factory; but in Skyrle you can't get them parted. Sea and land, change and rest, birth and death, tears and laughing, spindles and oars make up the lives of the folk that live there. But when our minister, Mr. Grahame, came to the north it was terribly flattering to see how well the town pleased him.

He had been expecting only a fishing-village; and when he saw all the braw houses and all the kirks—Skyrle being one of those places that keep their religion in brick—and the harbour, and the common, he was very well pleased to find himself in Scotland. And a fine sight it was to see his happy face when he knew he had no plan to make, and no week-night sermon to preach, and but one class to meet through the week.

"Ah!" said he to his lassie, Miss Isobel, "had I but known this, I would have prayed for a Scotch circuit when I was a young man. In you go to the manse, child. It will be three good years before we say farewell to it, please God!" So they stepped through the gate close by the kirk; and though it was the gloam-

ing, the lassie called out at the bonnie garden, with its bit of green, and old apple trees; and the elms beyond, where the crows built in the spring. But when she saw the house she roared and laughed; though it was an awful fine manse, only low in the roof, and maybe not over bright for a young lassie. She danced into the room where Kirsty, the maid, had spread the supper, and keeked into the chamber opening from it, calling out to her father to come in and see the bed in the wall.

But the minister didna heed her. He hadna minded to stoop coming ben the room, and so had knocked his head on the door beam.

He sat down rubbing his brow; and when Kirsty would have clapped a bittie sweet butter to it, he stapped her; saying, dry-like, it was a clever man that made an impression so soon as he entered on a new charge.

In the meantime, Miss Isobel was running over the rooms crying out at all she saw, and laughing at Scotch ways. Kirsty didna like to hear the manse made game of; but all at once the lassie burst into the room, and gave her a kiss in the English fashion.

The tea-pot had been sitting on the hob, and when the lassie spoke Kirsty put it on the table and they began their tea. But it was easy seen they were English by the way they acted with the bannocks; eating them without butter, and never a thought to the syrup, though Kirsty coughed and pushed it beside the minister's plate more than once. But I'm thinking English folk are surely no all right in their taste, for although the tea had been infused the best part of the hour they took ill with it and called for fresh.

This was like to upset Kirsty again; but just then the minister asked what way they called cookies in Scotland; and she was so terrible flattered at kenning mair about it than the minister that she infused more tea and never a word at doing it.

But fra that day she held her head above most of the kirk members; and none ever forgot that it was Kirsty that telled the minister what way they called cookies in Scotland. And it was, maybe, this that made her so free afterwards in criticising the sermons, she feeling she had a right after she had given him the information about the cookies.

Well, this was on the night of the Friday, and by Sabbath forenoon there wasna a kirk member but kenned how the new minister was a widow man with the one lassie, and a wee terrier that they named Skye.

And this being so, it was natural that Mr. Grahame should be well liked in the town—Skyrle having a sair name for the old maids intil it.

And there wasna a member but kenned, too, how the minister had gone into the kirk all his lane on the Saturday, and, kneeling down in the aisle, had put up a prayer for a blessing on his work among the people he hadna seen. But if you hadna felt by his face that the minister was a man of prayer, you would have

telled by his breeks, that were awful shiny and wore at the knees, and good in all other places. And many a time Kirsty—she and the church officer were courting—has seen the key in the vestry door, and keeking in for David, has been sair put about to find the minister at his prayers.

He was the sort of man that clapped at more than one sense from the pulpit; for, shut your eyes as you might, his tongue kept you from sleep through the sermon.

Man! what a voice the minister had!

There was no sleep in the kirk that Sabbath; and even the rooks that gathered on the trees outside stopped their chatter to listen to the sermon.

The church was ane of the auldest i' Skyrle, and had been built by John Wesley himsel'.

It was a quaint-like wee placie with eight sides, for which it got the name of "the totum kirkie." But for all its age, it was bonnie with trees and its diamond-paned windows.

And when you got inside you had a sight of the stained glass windy aboon the pulpit, through which the sun glinted on Sabbath mornings.

To be sure there wasna muckle o' John Wesley remaining i' the kirk. But i' the vestry there was the old pulpit he had used; and an old-fashioned clock that had ticked to his preaching.

And there was aye a musty smell aboot the place that Geordie Mackay praised, calling it the odour of antiquity, tho' it was just the damp. It was Geordie that first found out the human nature in Mr. Grahame.

And I won't say I didna catch a sort of twinkle in the minister's eye when, seeing that William Rafe—the lad that played the harmonium—was like to drop off to sleep, he gave the Book a thump that made more than one swallow their mint drop in a hurry, and sit up very stiff, blinking to show that they were awake.

There's no doubt the minister enjoyed his joke, for I mind him telling David no to put away his little doggie from the vestry at the class.

"No, no, David," said he; "Skye is a good Methodist though he is Scotch; and I am glad to have *one* regular attendant at the class."

So the doggie came every Wednesday; and afterwards would give his paw to anybody at the door, for all the world like the minister shaking hands with the members.

He was a great man for dumb things, and had a canary that sat on his shoulder, or ran after his pen as he wrote.

And he had a parrot, too, that was a scandal to Kirsty, for though it sang psalms during the week, it used awful language on Sabbath when the kirk came out.

"A grand sermon and a grand man, yon," said Geordie at the gate that first Sabbath after the sermon. "A grand man, is he no, David?"

"I wouldna say he is no," said David, with his eye on his boots, watching for Kirsty to win into the manse.

"I'm thinking it's a guid change we have made fra the last man. He has a gift, the minister," said Geordie.

"He was powerfu' hard on the cushions," said Elspeth. "We'll be needin' ithers gin he chastens them so sair."

"Ay, he has a gift, has he no, David?"

"Mabbe so, mabbe no," said David, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand: Kirsty having passed him with her head high, on account of Elspeth Mackay standing beside him. Elspeth wasna kin to Geordie, though she bore the same name.

"I took vera weel wi' his gien' oot o' the hymns," said Elspeth. "I can aye tell by that what spirit a man is of."

"I ken better by his shirt-front," said Widdy Rafe. "Cleanliness is next to godliness, if no before it."

And indeed to see the widdy you would have thought it was before it. And many a time William Rafe had wished that text out of print, his life being a burden to him with clean collars and the starch in his Sabbath shirt.

But it was the town's talk that his mother said there was aye hope of a man's soul so long as his body was keppit fair.

"He pit a saxpence i' the plate," said David. "I'm no sure but I was expectin' a shilling fra the new minister."

"Ay, he's mair Scotch than English," said Elspeth. "Were you noticing the sprinkle o' snuff on his weskit, mem?"

Widdy Rafe didna answer, not liking Elspeth to know her sight was none so good as it might be.

"Could you tell me wha wrote that fine rhyme fra Cowper that he quoted at the end?" she speired to take Elspeth down, and being awful proud of her book learning.

"Na, mem," said Elspeth, puir body; "I dinna mind o't just the noo."

"Weel, weel," said Geordie; "he's got awful big feet."

"Eh, deary, deary! Do you hear him, David? the minister's gotten big feet," Elspeth called.

"And why for no?" said Widdy Rafe very short. "A man wi' small feet never has muckle at ether end o' him."

"And what about a woman?" said Geordie, very bold; for he kenned weel that Widdy Rafe had the biggest foot in Skyrle. But, however, she took no notice of the laddie.

"Weel, Elspeth, I'll haud hame wi' you," she said; "for my Wullie is to tak his diet at the manse the day."

"At the manse? wi' the minister?" said Elspeth very slow, as was natural, thinking of William Rafe getting his dinner with the minister.

"Ay," said the widdy, as if she was no caring to be proud about it. "He was bidden yestreen after helping Kirsty unpack the kists. The manse will be a sicht the day wi' all the braw things intil it. I doot he'll no get his meat for looking at them."

"There's naething i' the manse bonnier than the minister's lassie," said Geordie.

But he got fine and red when Widdy Rafe turned on him.

"Ca' canny, laddie, and tak tent o' your steps, for be a man's feet great or sma' they're swift to follow where a lassie leads."

Surely that was a sair thing to say to a young lad that was happy, not knowing the ways of womenfolk.

Just then the manse gate opened, and out came the little doggie shaking his hair, and awful delighted to be going out; and Miss Isobel after him, a slip of a lassie with big, shining eyes, and yellow hair tumbled about her like the doggie's. They had surely forgotten it was the Sabbath; or, maybe, being English, they didna rightly know to keep the day; but, I can tell you, the sight of the young things as bright and gladsome as gin it was a Monday gave Widdy Rafe such a shock that she never forgot it. To think of the minister's daughter setting such an example to the town, with her eyes and hair and feet dancing on the Sabbath, and the doggie's with her.

The lassie flashed past us and out at the gate before a word could be said; and then out came the minister. How noble he was, with his white hair and grand head, his kindly eyes, and his smile that was like a bow from royalty! And how awful proud Elspeth was when he took a kiss from her wee Eppie and bade her be a good girl, seeking in his pocket for a sweetie to her. She was just delighted, and ceased envying William Rafe, who stood by wearing gloves and feeling as gin he was all hands.

He was a nice lad, William, not over bold; and it seemed a great thing for him to be walking out with Mr. Grahame, explaining church matters to him.

And, indeed, he kenned more about the little church John Wesley had built than any other body in Skyrle. He led the minister out by the Abbey burying-ground to show him where the table monument was on which Wesley had stood to preach his first sermon in the town. And delighted was Mr. Grahame to hear how Wesley had stoppit the mouth of the parish minister who was for holding him from preaching in his parish. "No, no," said Wesley; "my parish is that of my Master, and is anywhere under the blue skies where there is a hungry soul desiring the Bread of Life. Go you back to your manse and take another sleep in your arm-chair by the fire."

At which the folk were very well pleased; it being known that the parish minister thought more of keeping himself warm in this life than of keeping his flock from being too warm in the next.

He could make no answer, the people being all for hearing the strange English preacher; and he had to leave him to his sermon, after Wesley had challenged him to a debate in John Gouck's barn the morrow's morn. The which they had; but the parish minister lost his hold on doctrine, and couldna argue with Wesley, the wee mannie being as nimble with his tongue as with his legs.

They didna stop long in the Abbey, Miss Isobel being fain to have a sight of the sea; so William led them across the green and along Ponderlaw till they got out by the brae-heads. There was the sea before them as blue as ever 'tis seen, and they standing by the yellow field where the corn was waiting for the sickle.

The minister lifted his hat, and his lips moved; but Miss Isobel just lookit at William with the tears standing in her big eyes, as you have seen the dew spread on the blue corncockles in hairst.

"Do you no take well with it, Miss Grahame?" said William, speaking English very grand.

"It is not that," said Miss Isobel, her voice like the wind sighing through the corn; "but it is so beautiful. I never thought there was anything so lovely."

"Ay, ay, it's well enough," said William.

And indeed it might have been worse.

Out of the blue waves rose the white pillar of the Bell light, like an angel guarding the coast; and the sunshine on it gave it wings shining like the lids of Kirsty's saucepans.

South of the harbour you could glimpse a flash of gold from the Eyelot sands, and the bonnie purple hills at the river mouth beyond.

The gray stones of the harbour wall I aye liked, they being a sort of colour that led the eye to the dark rocks on the shore and the red cliffs rising above them. It was no wonder that the red and the blue, the silver and the gold, and the white clouds like a lifted veil above it all, should have made the lassie greet. But the minister finished his prayer, and William keeked around at her as gin he thought no ower muckle of the landscape beside Miss Isobel.

If Geordie Mackay, who is a bit of a poet, had been there, I ken fine he'd have said the slim girlie standing on the edge of the brae was like the spirit of the place; for her gold hair and red cheeks, blue eyes and white skin, had all the colours that were in the picture before them.

But though William felt the resemblance he couldna put it into words; but his breast thumped like John Gouck's drum at the volunteers' drill, and for the first time in his life he saw a lassie with the eyes of his heart.

And this made him stand very foolish-like, wishing sore he hadna putten on the gloves that took the manhood out of him.

And Kirsty telled me afterwards how Miss Isobel won home and laughed with the doggie Skye about the Scotchman that hadna ony eye for beauty.

CHAPTER II.—JEAN'S LAD.

Kirsty, at the manse, always said that Jean had no right to burden herself with Nancy Mullholland's bairn. A young thing like her, she was fifteen just, wasn't the right sort of mother for a week-old baby.

But eh, you never can tell when the mother grows in the lassie. I have seen the girlies with their dolls, nursing them and holding the wooden heads close to their innocent little bosoms, till I have been like to greet.

And Jean was that sort of lassie always. Before she was ten there wasn't a woman in Skyrle but was glad to have her mind the bairns; all, I should say, but Kirsty, who did not think a woman could be motherly till she was a mother; and who was aye for having nature go in harness, and would fain have had the reins in her own hands.

But I never took well with such like notions. Marriages may or may not be made in heaven; but I am right sure mothers are made there whenever a woman child is born. And so I told Kirsty; for though a woman has her hands full of bairns she's no more a mother than many a childless creature whose heart is ready to take in every little helpless bairn that comes into the world.

And Jean Wishart was one of that sort.

You could tell it by the way she took Nancy Mullholland's babe from its mother, and held it with her cheek bent down against the little red face.

"The wee thingie!" she said, crying and laughing at once. "She's no to go to the poor's house. Rest your mind, Nancy; she shall be my own bairn; and I'll be a mither to her sae lang as God spares me."

Jean was tall and womanly, though she was a young thing; and she had lived so long by hersel' that she was douce like and sensible beyond her years; and none grumbled at her taking the bairn home to do for it but Kirsty. And I know fine what made Kirsty talk that gait. If a woman's ever angered at another, it's when she sees that other doing the duty that she had ought to do herself. And Kirsty was like to be sharp on Jean; for she was own aunt to Nancy, and should have taken the bairn home hersel'.

She saw her duty clear, and it made her grudging-like to Jean when she met the lassie, with her face all red and proud, in Anderson's, buying a long gown to the bairn instead of a new hat to herself. And it did more, for it kept her from the kirk the Sabbath the babe was baptized; though she put it down to spasms from fine bread at Elspeth Mackay's the night before.

And sorry I was for Kirsty to have missed seeing the baptism, for I'm sure a prettier sight hadna been in the kirk since it was built a hundred years ago.

Mr. Grahame gave out the hymn, "See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands," and the church officer, Kirsty's David, rose and opened the vestry door.

Miss Isobel, the minister's little daughter, who thought a sight of Jean, had slipped out of the manse pew and gone round to the vestry before that; and when David opened the door, out she came with her eyes all shining and excited, walking beside Jean, who carried Nancy Mullholland's bairn.

When Mr. Grahame walked down the pulpit steps, and stood with his white hair before the two young things—for Miss Isobel was younger than Jean—many a one sobbed aloud, it was so pitiful to see the two lassies and the little motherless bairn waiting for the old man's blessing.

William Rae was new to the organ then; and being always tender, his eyes got so dim that he lost his place, and would have broken down, only Geordie Mackay took up the hymn and carried it on to the end.

Miss Isobel stood with her cheeks very red looking up at the minister. But Jean had a kind of hush on her face, and while she held the baby her eyes stared straight up over the pulpit at the window with the stained glass. It was Miss Isobel who gave the name "Nannie" very loud, so that all could hear; and the minister lifted the little thing in his arms in the English fashion, and put his hand on her.

Then he gave her back to Jean; and as she took her the sun struck through the window and laid a slant of gold across the baby's forehead.

It was Geordie Mackay who noticed this, and he told Kirsty afterwards it was a token for good. But, eh deary me! who could believe that when the baby got up and was just the naughtiest slip of a lassie that ever wore a woman out?—but I'm no to tell of that yet.

Kirsty always held to it that it was a judgment on Jean for rushing into the duties of a mother before she was called; and, indeed, it seemed a strange providence that it was that very Sabbath Willie Murgatroyd came walking into Skyrle bent on offering her marriage.

But I often think the ways of Providence are like a rainbow, for we canna see them unless the sun is shining; and many a time they are only half-drawn on the clouds, with the end too far off for our faith to follow it.

Willie and Jean had courted since the time they were at school together; but he had been staying in the south seeking work, and so he had never heard a word of Nancy Mullholland's death, and the way Jean had taken in the bairn.

He went along the High Street, nodding bashful-like to one and another as he passed, and turned down Seagate to the house by the shore where she stayed.

He was so full of what he had to say to her that it gave him a turn when, near by the railings, Kirsty plucked at his coat-tail.

She was no very well pleased at having missed the baptism that made the talk of the town, and she had led David out by the shore to hear what she could from Jean hersel'.

When she set eyes on Willie she had as much as she could do to keep her tongue from the subject; but she knew he was Jean's lad and she was no minded to let him see that David knew more of the matter than herself.

"Aweel, Wullie, and are you to call for Jean the day?" she askit him.

"Ou ay," said Willie sheepish-like, turning his face away, for he felt as if everybody in Skyrle could read his errand on it.

"Weel, Wullie, I'm doubting you'll no tak weel wi' what Jean has to tell you," Kirsty said, edging along the subject as you'll see a crab edge along the waves when the tide's coming in.

"And why for no?" said Willie very quick. "Is she to say me nay?"

Then he got awful red, for he had telled Kirsty all.

"I doubt she'll no be saying you nay, nor ony ither man," Kirsty said. "She'll be unco fain of a lad, I'm thinking."

"Hoots, wumman!" David took her up short, like the minister stamping his foot at the notable parts of his discourse. "Gae you ben the hoose, Wullie, and Jean will tell you the haill maitter better then Kirsty wha kens naught aboot it."

David's Sabbath dinner had surely made a man of him; but, however, Kirsty, feeling the edge of truth in what he said, turned on him with her tongue, and Willie left them to it and went ben the house to Jean.

The sight of the baby on her knee made him forget his errand; but Jean cried him in, and soon he knew how she had promised to rear Nancy's bairn.

There's nothing can put a man second in a woman's heart so easy as a baby. The tender wee thing pulls at her love stronger than a man has power for; and it angered Willie to see that Jean, who before this had never had an eye for aught but himself, couldna be fashed listening to him for noticing the bairn.

"What was't you were saying, Willie?" she would ask absent-like, and, not minding the answer, go on nodding and smiling down at the child on her knee. And when he was fain to tell her of his plans:

"See how the wee handie failds ower my finger," said she, caring nothing at all about his arrangings.

He couldna get her to listen to him for the child; and his heart got hotter and hotter against it. But he kept his rage in, and went on with his story, how he would soon be away to Australia, and would she wed at once and go over the sea with him.

And then she did look up, with a great light shining on her face that it made him bashful to see.

"Surely, Willie," she said earnest-like, as though she would never have thought of doing aught else.

He would have taken her hand then, but the baby had fallen asleep holding her finger, and she wouldna let him disturb it.

"Jean, put that bairn down," he cried. "I need you, not the bairn; and I canna have even a kiss for you holding it. I doubt I'm jealous, lassie, for I canna bear to see you giving more thought to the child than to me."

"No, no; you mustna talk that gait, Willie," she said smiling. I think you should love wee Nannie too, for by-and-bye she will belong to us baith."

Jean never told what he said to her after that, but it must have been sair on her, for he was angered. And when Kirsty came ben the room, an hour later, he had gone, and Jean was standing with a white face, and her arms locked about the bairn.

She had seemed but a lassie before, but Kirsty sat down sudden in a tremble when she saw the change in her.

She was a woman all at once, and her face was still and cold,

like the face of the sea before the storm breaks through it. At first Kirsty daredna ask her how she had settled with her lad, but she was bent on knowing. So she moved forward and felt the stuff of the bairn's gown—it was fine muslins and fit for a child of the manse—saying:

"Ay, lassie, you'll no be carin' to spend sae muckle on Nancy's bairn when you hae your ain to cleed. Wullie is a close lad; he'll maybe grudge his siller efter the merriage."

Then Jean turned to her with her mouth all quivering, and said she, "You mustna call Willie's name to me again, Kirsty. We are no to be married, and, if you please, I'd like very well to be my lane just now."

Kirsty is not one that you can quiet with a word, her tongue being like a bunch of nettles; but it made her dumb to see the lassie standing there so white and awful. She had her arms round the child as though she would never let her go, and Kirsty saw as clear as Lunan water what had happened. She held her tongue till she got to the bench where David sat smoking his Sabbath pipe, although she was like to burst with pride at being the first to know Jean had quarrelled with her lad. But as soon as she came up to David she began. And for many days after there was never a body in Skyrle could get a word out of David McNaughten.

CHAPTER III.—TROUBLE AT THE MANSE.

The minister was well thought of in Skyrle, and the town ministers came a deal about the manse, and cracked one with the other of his fine spirit and nobility. He had a hearty, cheery way, and, though it was a burial, you felt the gladsomer to see him come ben the room with his hat off and the pity deep in his eyes. He was a fine preacher too, and there was never a diet of worship but someone would stop and say to David, "Man! what a grand sermon we hae gotten the day!"

And when David made no answer, likely as not you would hear the parrot in the manse screaming and using awful language at the little doggie. And many wondered at a good man like the minister keeping the ill-spoken bird.

When Mr. Grahame had been eighteen months in Skyrle he made William Rafe circuit steward, so giving offence to Kirsty, who would have had David put into the office, and no a young lad like William.

"You canna pick muckle meat oot of a half-grown buckie," said she; and she went near angering Miss Isobel with her tongue grating on Rafe's name the long day through.

It wasna likely the lassie thought William was ower young for the office when he was ten years elder than herself, and quite a man with his moustache well grown, and his father's mill and a hundred hands under him. And Kirsty had no call to think the minister didna ken what he was doing. For all his kindness, he

was a stern man and wouldna be turned from doing his duty by any matter whatever. And by this time all Skyrle knew him for a man that did the right, laying bare his life to God and the world, and making no profession he couldna act up to.

But Providence surely had a hand in making William Rafe steward the very year that Mr. Grahame was taken ill; for I canna tell what the manse folk would have done if Jamie Murphy —who had as much kindliness in him as a dried haddie—had been in office.

It was Communion Sabbath in Skyrle; and when the minister rose to his sermon that day the members ceased counting the new communicants to marvel at his face. It was white and shining with a kind of inward light that made a hush in the church, for it told that he had been with God. None who saw him then will ever forget it, nor the beautiful look of him, nor the solemn, loving words that touched the hearts of the hardest. And when he stood by the table, all held their breath, for it was as if he knew he was ministering to his people that day for the last time.

And the very next Sabbath as he was reading the hymn he was taken as for death.

William Rafe, looking at Miss Isobel, saw her face change while the minister was giving out:

> "Set free from present sorrow
> We cheerfully can say
> E'en let the unknown to-morrow
> Bring with it what it may.
> It can bring with it nothing,
> But He will bear us through"—

He stopped.

Then Miss Isobel was out of the pew and round to the vestry, for the hand of the Lord had touched him.

They carried him into the manse, and Geordie Mackay gave out a hymn and read a psalm; and then William Rafe came back with a white face, and said the doctor was at the manse, and he had no hope of the minister's life.

When the kirk was out you could tell what had happened by the people going on tip-toe on the gravel under the manse windows, and not talking till they were well away from the house.

"The blinds are no drawn," said Elspeth, softly, peeping back over her shoulder.

"Toots! he's no awa' yet," said Geordie. "Ay, he was a grand man. Skyrle will no see his like again."

"I kenned fine his time had come," said Widdy Rafe. 'When he made my Wullie steward he had putten the tap-stane to his work."

"The tap-stane was putten at the Communion lest Sabbath," said Geordie. "Saw you ever such a light on any face?"

"It was wonderfu'," said Elspeth, greeting. "And aye he had a sweetie in his poke for my Eppie."

"He was vera weel likit," said David, "and threw a hail shilling in the plate Sabbath past. Ay, he maun hae kenned it was his lest."

"Eh, but the bairns wull miss him," sobbed Elspeth.

"And wha wull the Conference be sending for Sabbath first?" askit Geordie.

"Likely the President himsel' for the funeral sermon," said the Widdy. "Are the mournings for the kirk ready, David?"

"Ay! they're aye ready. Happen the burial wull be Saturday first. I could hae wished it on the Friday," said David, thinking of the cleaning of the kirk.

"It wasna for naethin' my Wullie led him oot by the graves the first Sabbath he spent i' Skyrle. Ay, and the minister said to him, "A pleasant spot; a man may sleep sweetly here." Ay, he did that," Widdy Rafe said.

"I'm thinking o' the lassie," said Elspeth, still greeting. "The puir lambie! How is she bearing, do you ken, David?"

"Nane sae ill. She had a haun o' his hand, and wadna gang fra the room for a' the doctor."

"The puir lambie! And she has na kin ava, and too young-like for a man of her ain."

Widdy Rafe put up her chin, and hastened on.

It seemed as gin all in the town but Miss Isobel thought the minister was to die; but she would hear no word of it; and when the Free Kirk minister called at the manse and put up a prayer for the bereaved orphan, she stoppit her ears and went out by till he had concluded.

William Rafe found her greeting afterwards; and sent Elspeth to hearten her a bittie.

But when Elspeth won in and saw the minister, and the doggie lying beside the bed, she just turned and cast her arms round Miss Isobel.

"Oh, my puir dearie!" she cried. "Oh, my puir dearie! I 'ken fine how it is wi' him. He'll sune be awa." He's taen for the deid. Oh, my puir wee lambie!"

But Miss Isobel loosed her arms, and put Elspeth outside the door, an awful look on her young face.

And all night long she and the doggie were their lane beside the minister.

And it was so for many a day, Kirsty sitting greeting with her apron over her head, and the poultices burning on the kitchen-range; while the lassie shed never a tear, but did everything for the minister with her own hands.

And seeing her strong and brave and cheery, William came to understand that she was a woman, self-forgetful and ready for whatever was wanted of her. He was a great comfort at the manse, was William, being tender as a woman at nursing; and oft he sat with the minister while the lassie rested.

And so she grew to lean on him, and maybe to love him as well; but that we didna ken for many a long day.

And it was beautiful as the days went by to see how patient and bright the minister was; though his sickness was awful sore upon him, and he hadna an hour's ease from pain.

He had preached many a grand sermon in the kirk; but the finest of all was this he preached on his sick bed, and it was heard by ilka body in Skyrle. Ay, his voice reached to every house; and all kenned how he lay smiling, and waiting God's will without a murmur while his poor body was in a flaming torment.

William Rafe knew then what a holy life had wrought for the minister; and Geordie Mackay couldna speak enough of the human nature in him when he heard how from his pillows he studied the rooks in the manse garden, and got to know each one, and his mate, and the nest, and all.

And every morning the canary came up to sing for him! But Miss Isobel wouldna have the poll-parrot in the room, the bird singing psalms that were like to make her greet; though the minister said it was better than the bad language it used on Sabbath.

And many a bonnie tale he telled the doctors about his cheery window, and the birds that were a treat to him, till they forgot that he was a minister and a dying man, and cracked with him, making jokes that were surely not seemly for a manse sick-room. But the young doctor, who, not being a Methodist, kenned but little of true religion, was sure that if aught could have converted him it would have been the minister's beautiful spirit through his sickness. So the time went on, and Miss Isobel got whiter every day and the minister weaker. And, though he was prayed for every Sabbath, there was a feeling in the kirk it was no use, a miracle being wanted to restore him again.

And one night William wouldna leave the lassie her lane, and they sat beside the minister; the doggie at the foot of the bed not closing his eyes, but watching with them, as gin he kenned what was coming.

And suddenly the little creature rose trembling and quaking and growling, seeing what none else could see.

Miss Isobel started to quiet him; but when she saw the look on her father's face she turned, all in a tremble and dumb, to William.

He had seen the minister's changed face, and he just put out his arms to her.

"Lassie, although he's away, there's one here that loves you."

Syne he caught her to his heart, and there she sobbed out her sorrow.

Then Skye began to bark; and, looking up, William saw the dog wagging his tail, and the minister's hand feeling out to him.

"Lassie! he's no deid! He's to live!" he cried, joyful-like, and Miss Isobel tore herself from him with a sharp cry, seeing the moving hand.

But what a lassie she was!

She turned and gave William a stinging box on the ear, and flung herself, laughing and crying, on her knees by the bed.

. . . . . .

And it wasna so very long after that the kirk was crowded, full as it could hold, to hear the minister that had come back from the gates of death.

And Miss Isobel sat listening, with a bonnie light on her face that was surely no from the stained window; for the same light caught William Rafe, whether at the instrument, or in the singers' seat, where he sat with his hand over his face, and his eyes glinting through his fingers at the lassie in the manse pew.

And Kirsty always remembered that Sabbath as the one when David lost count of the pence thrown into the plate for the siller that covered it.

WAKE UP.

Respectfully dedicated to the Canadian Methodist Church.

BY W. H. ROSEVEAR.

Canadian! yes, we rejoice in our name!
Although there are ills we would fain abate;
Need there is still for the patriot flame—
And heroic men, both in Church and State:
Dare then to vote that right may be royal!
Influence give to the purest and best!
A nation for Christ! sober and loyal,
Nail this to the mast! trust God for the rest.

Methodist! yes, in this name we delight!
Even though it was given at first in scorn,
To men whose devotion to truth and right,
Heaven will reward at eternity's morn!
Oh! for the fire that enkindled their zeal
Daily to care for the souls of the lost,—
Inspiring each prayer and fervent appeal,
So that each day was a new pentecost!
Theirs was a life-work of unceasing toil,

Churches to build up, of true living stones!
Have we not ventured to slumber awhile,
Under the spell of the world's siren tones?
Revive us, O God! re-clothe the dry bones,
Create us anew, baptize with Thy power!
Help with thy strength for the work of the hour.

Wake, Christian, wake! "we're saved to be saviours!"
And perishing millions claim thy regard;
Know thou the pain and joy of soul-winning,
End not thy labour, till called to reward.

Up! and the blessed evangel proclaim!
"Pardon and peace, through the dear Saviour's name."

MONTREAL.

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A PIECE OF MONEY AND A SONG.

"'Tis but a Judas coin, though it be gold ;
The price of love forsworn, 'tis full of fears
And griefs for those who dare to hold ;
And leaves a stain, only washed clean with tears."

THE piece of money left by Pyn might have been a curse; no one would touch it. While the women stood in groups, talking of poor John Penelles and Denas, the men held an informal meeting around the table on which it lay.

"This be the communion table," said Jacob Trenager; "someone ought to take the money off it. And I think it be best to carry the gold to the superintendent; he will tell us what to do with it;" and after some objections, Jacob took charge of the sinful coin, and the next morning he went up the cliff to St. Penfer with it.

The preacher heard the story with an intense interest. "Jacob," he answered, "I suppose there be none so poor in your village as to feel it might do them good?"

"Man, nor woman, nor child, would buy a loaf with it, sir; none of us men would let them. If Denas Penelles have gone out of the way, sir, she be a fisher's daughter, and the man and the money that beguiled her be hateful to all of us."

"Your chapel—is it not very poor?"

"Not poor enough to take the devil's coin, sir."

"Well, Jacob, I cannot say that I feel any more disposed to use it than you do. We know it was the wage of sin, and neither the service of God nor the poor will be the better for it. I think we will give it back to the young man. It may help to show him how his fellows regard the thing he did."

"That be the best way of all, sir. But he be in London, and hard to find, no doubt."

"I will take it to his sister. I do not hold her quite guiltless."

So Jacob threw the sovereign on the preacher's desk, and it lay on the green baize, a yellow, evil-looking thing. The Rev. William Farrar, when left alone with the unwelcome coin, looked askance at it. He did not like to see it on his desk, he had a repugnance to touch it. Then he forced himself to lift the sovereign, and by an elaborate fingering of the coin convince his intellect that he had no superstition on the subject.

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price, $1.50. Toronto : William Briggs.

He had resolved to take it to Mrs. Burrell in the afternoon, for the morning was his time for study and writing. But he found it impossible to think of his sermon. So he resolved to leave every other duty and go to Burrell Court, though it was a long walk, and the thick, misty Cornish rain had begun to fall.

Mrs. Burrell was at home, and he sent a request for an interview. Elizabeth instantly suspected that he had come on some affair relating to that wretched business. She was in trouble enough about it, but she was also proud and reticent, and not inclined to discuss Roland with a stranger.

"I am the Wesleyan preacher from St. Penfer, Mrs. Burrell."

"Can I do anything for you, sir? though really, if yours is a charitable visit, I must remind you that my own church looks to me for all I can possibly afford."

"I do not come, Mrs. Burrell, to ask for money. I bring you this sovereign, which belongs to Mr. Roland Tresham."

The gold fell from his fingers, spun round a few times, and, dropping upon the polished mahogany table, made a distinct clink.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Farrar."

The preacher hastened to make the circumstance more intelligible. He related the scene at the St. Clair chapel with a dramatic force that sprang from intense feeling, and Elizabeth listened to his solemn words with angry uneasiness. Yet she made an effort to treat the affair with unconcern.

"What have I to do with the sovereign, sir?" she asked. "I am not responsible for Mr. Tresham's acts. I did my best to prevent the disgrace that has befallen the fisherman's daughter."

"I think you are to blame in a great measure."

"Sir!"

"Yes. I am sure you are. You made a companion of the girl —I may say a friend."

"No, sir, not a friend. She was not my equal in any respect."

"Say a companion then. You taught her how to dress, how to converse, how to carry herself above her own class. You permitted her to wander about the garden with your brother."

"I always watched them."

"You let her talk to him—you let her sing with him."

"Never but when I was present. From the first I told her what Roland was—told her to mind nothing at all he said."

"If you had put a glass of cold water before a man dying of thirst, would you have been justified in telling him not to drink? You might even had added that the water contained poison; all the same he would have drunk it, and your blame it would be for putting it within his reach."

"Indeed, Mr. Farrar, I will not take the blame of the creature's wickedness. It is a strange thing to be told that educating a girl and trying to lift her a step or two higher is a sin."

"It is a sin, madam, unless you persevere in it. God does not permit the rich, for their own temporary glory or convenience, to make experiments with an immortal soul, and then abandon it like a soiled glove or a game of which they have grown weary.

What you began you ought in common justice to have carried on to such perfection as was possible. No circumstances could justify you in beguiling a girl from her natural protectors and then leaving her in the midst of danger alone."

"Sir, this is my affair, not yours. I beg leave to say that you know nothing whatever of the circumstances."

"Indeed, I know a great deal about them, and I can reasonably deduce a great deal more."

"And pray, sir, what do you deduce?"

"The right of Denas Penelles to have been retained as your companion. Having made a certain refinement of life necessary to her, you ought in common justice to have supplied the want you created."

"All this arose when I was on my wedding trip."

"I think you ought to have taken her with you."

"Sir!"

"I think so. It was hard to be suddenly deprived of every social pleasure and refinement and sent back to a fisher's cottage to cure fish, and knot nets, and knit fishing-shirts. How could you have borne it?"

"Mr. Farrar, such a comparison is an insult."

"I mean no insult; far from it. Even my office would give me no right to insult you. I only wish to awaken your conscience. Even yet it may take up your abandoned duty."

"Perhaps you do not know that I endeavoured last week to see Denas. I wrote to her. I asked her to come and see me. I told her I wanted to talk to her about Mr. Tresham. She did not even answer my letter. I consider myself clear of the ungrateful girl —and as I am busy this morning I will be obliged to you, sir, to excuse my further attendance. Take the sovereign with you; give it to the poor."

"God will feed his poor, madam."

She made a little scornful laugh, and asked: "Do you really inquire into the character of all the money your church receives?"

"No further, madam, than you inquire into the character of the visitors you receive. But if I give you a piece of gold and say, 'It is the price of a slain soul, or a slain body, or a slain reputation,' would you like to put it in your purse, or buy bread for your children with, or take it to church and offer it to God? I wish you good morning, Mrs. Burrell."

And Elizabeth bowed and stood watching him until the door was closed and she was alone with the coin. It offended her. It had been the cause of a most humiliating visit. She looked at it with scorn and loathing. A servant entered with a card; she took it eagerly, and pointing to the money said, "Carry it to Mr. Tresham's room and lay it upon the dressing-table." She was grateful to get it out of her sight, and very glad indeed to see the visitor who had given her such a prompt opportunity for ridding her eyes of its gleaming presence.

Thus it is that not only present but absent personalities rule us. In St. Penfer, Paul Pyn and Ann Bude, John and Joan Penelles,

the Rev. Mr. Farrar and Mrs. Burrell, were all that morning governed in some degree by Roland's evilly spent sovereign; and he, far off in London, was in the hey-day of his honeymoon with Denas. They were so gay, so thoughtless and happy, that people turned to look at them as they wandered through the bazaars or stood laughing before the splendid windows in Regent Street.

At length amusements of every kind grew a little—a very little—tiresome. The first glory was dimmed; the charm of freshness was duller; the unreasoning delight of ignorance a little less enthusiastic every day; and about the close of the third week Roland said one morning, "You look weary, Denasia, my darling."

"I am tired, Roland—tired of going a-pleasuring. I never thought anything like that could possibly happen. Ought I not to be taking lessons, learning something, doing something about my voice?"

"It is high time, love. Money melts in London like ice in summer. Suppose we go and see Signor Maria this morning."

"I would like to go very much."

"Then make yourself very fine and very pretty, and let me hear if your voice is in good order to-day."

He had no fear of the future. What if the gold was low in his purse? That charmful voice was an unfailing bank from which to draw more.

Roland and Denas reached Signor Maria's in a glow of good humour and good hope. The Signor was at home and ready to receive them. He was a small, thin, dark man, with long, curling black hair and bright black eyes. He bowed to Roland and looked with marked interest into the fair, sparkling face of Denas. He was much pleased with her appearance and quite interested in her ambitions. Then he opened the piano and said, "Will monsieur play, or madame?"

Roland played and Denas sang her very best. The Signor listened attentively, and Roland was sure of an enthusiastic verdict; on the contrary, it was one of depressing qualifications. The Signor acknowledged the quality of the voice, its charmful, haunting tones—but for the opera! oh, more—very, very much more was needed. Madame must go to Italy for three years and study. She must learn the Italian language; the French; the German. Ah! then there was the acting also! Had madame histrionic power? This was indispensable for the grand opera. But in three years—perhaps four—with fine teachers, her voice might be very rich, very charming. *Now* it was harsh, crude, unformed.

This was undoubtedly the Signor's honest opinion, but Roland and Denas were greatly depressed by it; Denas especially so, for she had an inward conviction that he was right; she had heard the truth. It was almost two different beings that left Signor Maria's house. Silently Roland handed Denas into the waiting cab, silently he seated himself beside her.

"I am afraid I have disappointed you, Roland."

"Yes, a little. But we are now going to Mr. Harrison's. There is nothing foreign about him. He is English, and he knows what English people like. I shall wait for his verdict, Denas."

"It was a long ride to Mr. Harrison's, and Roland did not speak until they were at his door. This professor was a blond, effusive, large man of enthusiastic temperament. He was delighted to listen to Mrs. Tresham, and he saw possibilities for her that Signor Maria never would have contemplated.

"But Mrs. Tresham may learn just as well by experience as by method," he averred. "She sings as the people enjoy singing. She sings their songs. She has a powerful voice, which will grow stronger with use. I think Mr. Willis will give her an immediate engagement. Suppose we go and see. Willis is at the hall, I should say, about this time."

This seemed a practical and flattering offer, and Roland gladly accepted it. Willis' hall was soon reached.

"Willis is always on the lookout for novelties," said Professor Harrison, "and I am sure these fishing songs will 'fetch' such an audience as he has."

As he was speaking Mr. Willis approached. He listened to Professor Harrison's opinion and kept his eyes on Denas while he did so. He thought her appearance taking, and was pleased to give her voice a trial. The hall was empty and very dull, but a piano was pulled forward to the front of the stage and Roland took his seat before it. Denas was told to step to the front and sing to the two gentleman in the gallery. They applauded her first song enthusiastically, and Denas sang each one better. But it was not their applause she listened to—it was the soft praises of Roland, his assurances of her success, which stimulated her even beyond her natural power.

At the conclusion of the trial Mr. Willis offered Denas twelve pounds a week, and if she proved a favorite the sum was to be gradually increased. The sum, though but a pittance of Roland's dreams, was at least a livelihood and an earnest of advance, and it was readily accepted. Then the little company sat down upon the empty stage and discussed the special songs and costumes in which Denas was to make her début.

Never before in all his life had Roland found business so interesting. He said to Denas, as they talked over the affair at their own fireside, that he thought he also had found his vocation. He felt at home on the stage. He never had felt at home in a bank or in a business office. He was determined to study, and create a few great characters, and become an actor. He felt the power; it was in him, he said complacently. "Now," he added, "Denas, if you become a great singer and I a great actor, we shall have the world at our feet. And I like actors and those kind of people. I feel at home with them. I never was meant for a respectable man of business. No: the stage! the stage! That is my real life. I am certain of it. I wonder I never thought of it before."

It had been arranged that Denas was to open with Neil Gow's matchless song of *"Caller Herrin'!"* and her dress was of course

that of an idealized Newhaven fisher-girl. The assembly broke into rapturous delight. She was recalled again and again. Her second and third songs were even more startling in their success than "Caller Herrin'," and Mr. Willis would permit no further recalls.

"We must give them Denasia in small doses," he said, laughing; "she is too precious to make common," and Roland winced a moment at the familiar tone in which his wife's name was spoken But both alike were under a spell. The intoxicating cup of public applause was at their lips.

Such a life would have simply been beyond the power of John and Joan Penelles to imagine. Its riot of dress and emotions and its sinful extravagance in every direction would have been to them an astounding revelation of the possibilities of life.

The want of authentic data about the marriage humiliated and made John Penelles miserable. Two more weeks had passed since that eventful Sunday night service at St. Clair, and yet John had no assurance of a more certain character to rely on.

The third Sunday was an important one to the fisher-folk. There was to be a missionary sermon preached in the St. Clair chapel, and John and Joan were there. The chapel was crowded. Joan got a seat, but John lingered in the small vestibule within the door among the few brethren waiting for the strange preacher. It was the same person who had married Roland and Denas, and after he had shaken himself free from his dripping cloak he looked at the men around him, and his eyes fell upon John. He took the big fisherman by the hand and said cheerfully:

"John Penelles, I am glad, very glad indeed, to meet you. I suppose you know that it was I who married your daughter?"

If a fixed star had fallen at John's feet he could not have been more amazed. His large face lightened from within, he clasped firmly the preacher's hand, but was so slow in forcing speech from his swelling heart that the preacher continued:

"Yes, they came to me, and I remembered your pretty child. I tied them true and fast, you may be sure of that, John."

"Where, sir?"

"In Plymouth Wesleyan chapel, to be sure."

"Thank God! Thank you too, sir! You might say so—some people here be slow to believe, sir, and it be breaking my heart, it be indeed, sir."

There was only a nod and smile in reply, but John was extremely happy. He tried to get near to Joan and tell her; but the aisles were full and the service was beginning. John held his own service, and the singing and the prayer and the preaching were just a joyful accompaniment to the thanksgiving in his heart. At length the service was over, and the preacher lifted a number of slips of paper and began to read aloud the announcements made on them. Missionary meetings, tea meetings for missions, a bazaar at St. Penfer for missions, a Bible meeting, a class meeting, and the service for that evening. Then, while the congregation was still expectant, he said in a clear, pleasant voice:

"I am requested also to say that on December the 17th, on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, I united in the holy bands of marriage Denasia, the daughter of John Penelles, fisher, of St. Penfer, to Roland Tresham, gentleman, of that place. The ceremony was performed by me in the Wesleyan chapel at Plymouth; myself, my wife, and two daughters being witnesses to it."

Joan Penelles looked confidently over the crowd, seeking her husband's mutual glance of pleasure. Her faith had been justified. Her girl was an honorable wife—the wife of a gentleman well-known to all. She had no longer any need to hide the wounding look or doubtful word in a protesting attitude, as painful to her as it was offensive to others.

The next afternoon, when the wind was blowing inland too fiercely to permit boats to leave the harbour, a man who had been up the cliff brought back with him a letter for the Penelles. It was evidently from Denas. John looked at the postmark, "London," and turned it around and around till Joan was nervous. "Aw, then, John, do open it, and read what be inside—do, my dear!" And John read:

"Dear Father and Mother,—I have been intending to write to you every day, but have been so happy that the days went away like a dream. I wish you knew my dear Roland as I do. He is the kindest of men, the most generous, the dearest in the whole world. He does nothing but try how to give me pleasure. He has bought me such lovely dresses, and rings, and bracelets, and he takes me everywhere. I never, never did think life could be so happy. I am going to have lessons too. I am to be taught how to sing and to do other things right, and your little Denas is the very happiest girl in the world. London is such a grand place, the very streets are all shows. Your loving daughter, "Denas Tresham."

"P. S.—Perhaps you may wonder where we were married. It was at Plymouth, by the Wesleyan preacher. Father knows him, I think.—D. T."

A dead silence followed the reading of the letter. Joan sat upright with a troubled face. She had been washing the dinner dishes; the towel lay across her lap, and her fingers pleated and unpleated the bit of coarse linen. John laid his arms across his knees and dropped a stern face toward them. The bit of white paper was in his big, brown fingers. He did not speak a word; his heart was full, his eyes were full, his tongue was heavy and dumb. Joan grew restless and hot with anger, for she was wounded in every sense.

"Aw, my dear, she be so happy with that man she do forget the days she was happy with you and me, John. She do forget all and everything. Aw, then, 'tis a cruel, thoughtless letter. Cruel beyond words to tell—dreadful! aw, dreadful! God help us! And I do wish I could forget her! And I do be sorry she was ever born."

"Whist! whist! my old dear. She has gone into the wilderness. Our one little ewe lamb has gone into the wilderness, and aw, my dear, 'twill keep us busy all night and day to send love and prayer enough after her. There be wolves there, Joan; wolves, my

dear, ready to devour—and the man she loves, he be one of them. Poor little Denas!"

Then Joan went on with her housework, but John sat silent, bending down toward the letter. And by-and-bye his white face glowed with a dull red colour, and he tore the letter up, tore it very slowly into narrow, ribbon-like strips, and let them fall, one by one, at his feet. He was in a mood Joan did not care to trouble. It reminded her of the day when he had felled Jacob Trenager. She was glad to see him rise and go to the inner room, glad to hear that he bolted the door after him. For in that temper it was better that John should complain to God than talk with any human being.

CHAPTER X.—A VISIT TO ST. PENFER.

Denasia made her *début* in the last ten days of January, and she retained the favour of that public which frequented Willis Hall for three months. Then her reputation was a little worn; people whistled and sang her songs and were pleased with their own performance of them. And Roland, also, had tired a little of the life—of its regularity and its obligations. He was now often willing to let any other performer who desired to do so take his place at the piano. He began to have occasional lookings-backward to Burrell court and the respectability it represented.

Then at the close of April Denasia fell ill. The poor girl fretted at the decline of enthusiasm in her audience. The simple fact that she had no recalls and no clamorous approval made her miserable, and then sickness followed.

She was very ill indeed, and for four weeks confined to her room; and when she was able to consider a return to the hall, Roland found that her place had been taken by a Spanish singer with a mandolin and a wonderful dance. That was really a serious disappointment to the young couple, for during the month money had been going out and none coming in. For even when Denasia had been making twenty-five pounds a week, they had lived and dressed up to the last shilling; so that a month's enforced idleness and illness placed them deeply in debt, and uncomfortably pressed for the wherewithal to meet debt.

Denasia also had been much weakened by her illness. Her fine form and colour were impaired, she was nervous and despondent; and a suffering, sickly wife was quite out of Roland's calculations and very much out of his sympathies. Poverty had a bad effect on him. To be without money to buy the finest brand of cigars, to be annoyed by boarding-house keepers, tailors, and costumers, to have to buy medicines with cash when he was without his usual luxuries, was a condition of affairs that struck Roland as extremely improper for a young man of his family and education.

And he disliked now to interview managers. He was offended

because everyone did not recognize him as a member of an old Cornish family and the son of an ex-Lord Mayor of London. Often he felt obliged, in order to satisfy his own self-respect, to make the fact known; and the chaff or indifference, or incredulity, with which his claims were received made him change his opinions regarding the "jolly company of actors." In fact, he was undoubtedly at this period of Denasia's career her very worst enemy; for whatever Denasia might be, Roland and his pretensions were usually regarded as a great bore.

One afternoon in May he became thoroughly disgusted with the life he had chosen for himself. The bright sunshine made the shabby carpet and tawdry furniture and soiled mirrors intolerably vulgar. They had just finished a badly cooked, crossly served, untidy dinner, and Roland had no cigar to mend it. Denasia had not eaten at all; she lay on the bright blue sofa with shut eyes, and her faded beauty and faded dress were offensive to the fastidious young man.

She was thinking of her father's cottage, of the love at its hearth, and of the fresh salt winds blowing all around it. Roland half divined her thoughts, and his own wandered to Burrell Court and his long-neglected sister.

Suddenly he resolved to go and see her. Elizabeth had always plenty of money, then why should he be without it? And the desire having entered his heart, he was as imperative as a spoiled child for its gratification. Denasia's physical condition did not appeal to him in any degree; he could not help her weakness and suffering, and certainly it was very inconvenient for him. He felt at that hour as if Denasia had broken her part of their mutual compact, which had not included illness or loss of prestige and beauty. He turned sharply to her and said:

"Denasia, I am going to St. Penfer. I shall have to sell a ring or something valuable in order to get the fare, but I see no other way. Elizabeth never disappointed my expectations; she will give me money, I am sure."

"Don't leave me, Roland. I will get well, I will indeed, dear. I am better this afternoon. In a few days—in a week, Roland, I can find some place to sing. Please have a little patience. Oh, do, my dear."

"Little patience! What are you saying, Denasia? You are very ungrateful! Have I not had patience for a whole month? Have I not spent even my cigar-money for you? Patience, indeed."

"Is there nowhere but St. Penfer? No person but Elizabeth?"

"I can go to St. Merryn's, if you like. Give me an order for the money in your name at St. Merryn's Bank."

She turned sullen in a moment. "I have told you a thousand times, Roland, I would rather die of hunger than rob my father."

"Very well, then, why do you complain if I go to my own people? I hope when I return you will be better."

"Roland! Roland! You are surely not going to leave me—in a moment—without anything?"

Her cry so full of anguish brought him back to her side; but his purpose had taken full possession of him; only he left her with those kisses and promises which women somehow manage to live upon. He still loved her in his way of loving, but his way demanded so many pleasant accidentals that it was impossible for Denasia always to provide them. And yet, having once realized, in a great measure, his ideal of her value to his happiness, he did feel that her sudden break-down in health was a failure he ought to show disapproval of.

However, there was method even in Roland's selfish plans. He did not wish to find Mr. Burrell at St. Penfer, so he went to the bank and ascertained his whereabouts. He was told that Mr. Burrell had just left for Berlin, and was likely to be a week or ten days away. This information quite elated Roland. He sold his watch and took the first train to Cornwall. And as he was certain that Elizabeth would have settled his bill at the Black Lion, he went there with all his old swaggering good-humour and thoroughly refreshed himself before going out to Burrell Court.

Elizabeth gave him a hearty welcome; she was particularly glad to see him just then. She was lonely in the absence of her husband; she had just had a slight disagreement with the ladies at a church meeting; she was feeling her isolation and her want of family support; and she had met, for the first time since their interview, the Rev. Mr. Farrar, who had presumed to stop her coachman and, in the presence of her servants, congratulate her on the marriage of her brother and her friend. Under the circumstances, she had judged it best to make no remarks; but she was very angry, and not sorry to have the culprit in her presence and tell him exactly what she thought of his folly and disgrace.

She kept the lecture, however, until they had dined and were alone; then, as he sat serenely smoking one of Mr. Burrell's finest cigars, she said:

"I hope you have come back to me, Roland. I hope you have left that woman for ever."

"Who do you mean by 'that woman,' Elizabeth?"

"De— You know who I mean."

"Denas! Left Denas! Left my wife! That is absurd, Elizabeth! I wanted to see you. I could not bear to be 'out' with you any longer. You know, dear, that you are my only blood relative. Denas is my relative by marriage. Blood is thicker than—everything."

"Roland, you know how I love you. You are the first person I remember. All my life long you have been first in my heart. How do you think I liked to be put aside for—that fisher-girl? It nearly broke my heart with shame and sorrow."

"I ought to have told you, Elizabeth. I did behave badly to you. I am ashamed of myself. Forgive me, darling sister." And he pulled his chair to her side, and put his arm around her neck, and kissed her with no simulated affection. For he would indeed have been heartless had he been insensible to the true

love which softened every tone in Elizabeth's voice and made her handsome face shine with tender interest and unselfish solicitude.

"I ought to have told you, Elizabeth. I believe you are noble enough to have accepted Denas for my sake."

"I am not, Roland. Nothing could have made me accept her. I have taken a personal dislike to her. I am sure that I cannot even do her justice."

"She has been very ill. She is still very weak. I have been unable to get her all the comforts she ought to have had—unable to take her to the sea-side, though the doctor told me it was an imperative necessity. We have been very poor but not unhappy."

"I understood she was making a great deal of money with her trashy, vulgar little songs."

"She was until she fell ill. And whatever her songs are, they have been very much admired."

"By her own class. And you let her sing for your living! I am amazed at you, Roland!"

"I do not see why. You wanted me to marry Caroline Burrell and let her support me out of the money old Burrell worked for. Denas loves me, and the money she gives me is given with love. Old Burrell never saw me, and if he had I am quite sure he would have hated and despised me as a fortune-hunter. Denas is a noble little darling. She has never inferred, either by word or look, that she sang for my living. It took you to do that, Elizabeth. Besides, I help Denas to make money. I arrange her business and I play her accompaniments, and, as I said, I love her and she loves me. Why, I have done without cigars to buy medicines for her; and if that isn't a proof of my devotion I do not know how to give one! I can tell you that Mademoiselle Denasia is a great favorite with everyone."

"Mademoiselle Denasia!" cried Elizabeth, with the utmost scorn. "Mademoiselle! and Denasia! However, she might well change her name."

"She did not change her name. She was baptized Denasia."

"Robert went to hear her sing. He says it was a fourth-rate place, and I can tell you he was burning with indignation to see his brother-in-law playing a piano there."

"Then he ought to let his anger burn to some purpose. Signor Maria says that if Denasia had proper masters and was sent to Italy for two or three years she could sing in grand opera. Mind, Maria says that; not I. Suppose you get Robert to send Denas to Italy."

"I will do nothing at all for Denas. And I think, Roland, that that you ought to do something for yourself. I hate to think of my own brother taking his living from that fisherman's daughter. It is a shame! Father brought you up like a gentleman, sent you to college, gave you an opportunity——"

"If father had given me a profession of any kind, if he had put me in the army or the navy, I should be to blame. If he had bought me a kit of carpenters' tools and had me taught how to use them, I should be no man at all if I looked to a woman for a

living. But he did not. He sent me to college, gave me expensive tastes, and then got me a desk in a bank, where the only prospect before me was to add up figures for the rest of my life for two pounds a week. Naturally I looked around for something more to my liking. I found Denasia. I loved her. She loved me. I could play, she could sing, and we made twenty-five pounds a week. That is the true state of the case."

"And do you intend to spend your life playing accompaniments to fishing songs?"

"No. I am studying for the stage."

"Roland Tresham! Roland Tresham!"

"I think I have a new conception of Orlando and I flatter myself the Romeo is yet to be played. I shall attempt it next winter. Now, Elizabeth, all the summer is before us. If you will not ask us to Burrell Court, then do in sisterly kindness send us to some quiet sea-side place to study. We could, of course, come to Penelles' cottage——"

"No, you could not. John Penelles would not permit you to enter his door. He says he will never forgive his daughter until she leaves you forever. I understand him. I cannot fully forgive you while you remain with that woman."

"Who told you John Penelles said such a thing? I do not believe it."

"Priscilla Mohun. He said it to her."

"Ah! He would not say it to Denasia. And it would not be a bad place to study. I should soon be a favorite with the fishers. I know how to get around that class of people, and I am fond of the sea and could spend a month very comfortably there. Cigars make any place comfortable."

"You are talking simple nonsense, Roland. You know it, too. Penelles would not endure your presence five minutes."

"I have done his daughter no harm."

"He believes you have ruined her immortal soul. You are the devil incarnate to John Penelles. He would not let you put your foot in his cottage. And he is not a man to trifle with. He knocked Jacob Trenager down, and the man goes lame ever since, they say."

"I am not going in his way to be knocked down. It is absolutely necessary, both for Denas and myself, to be near London. If we had the means I would go to Broadstairs or perhaps Hastings."

"Do you want to ask me for money, Roland? If so, be man enough to ask me plainly."

"Yes, I want money, Elizabeth. I want you to give it to me. I have not troubled you for a long time, have I? All my life long I have come to you for money, and you never yet refused me. My dear sister, I remember that you once sold a brooch for me when we were both children." He kissed her and was silent, and Elizabeth's face was wet with tears.

"I could give the last shilling I had to you, Roland," she said, "but it is hard to ask me to rob myself for that woman."

"She is my wife. I want her to get strong and well. She is a comfort and a pleasure to me. You were always glad to give me money for my comforts and pleasures. You never before asked me what they were, or said: 'You cannot have money for such or such a purpose.' You gave me money for whatever I wanted. Now I want Denas."

"Mademoiselle Denasia!"

"Well, then, Denasia. I want Denasia as I want my cigars or any other pleasant thing in life. Does it matter to you if the money makes me happy, how I spend it?"

"If you put the question in that light I do not suppose it does matter." Then after a moment's pause: "Every shilling will be a coal of fire upon Mademoiselle Denasia's head. There is nothing wrong in that consideration—it is perfectly Christian."

"I should say it was perfectly un-Christian; but, then, I am only a sinner. However, Elizabeth, if you can help me to get Denasia to the sea-side, the action will be a good one, and we need not go about to question the motives of it. I think one hundred pounds will keep us until Denasia is able to sing again or I get an engagement as Romeo. I shall make up splendidly as Romeo. You must come and see me, Elizabeth."

"Not for anything in life! And one hundred pounds is a large sum of money. I cannot afford it."

"But, Elizabeth, I must have one hundred. I need every penny of it. I cannot do with less. Give me one hundred, Elizabeth."

"I tell you it will trouble me very much to spare a hundred pounds. It will indeed, Roland."

But Roland stuck to the idea of one hundred pounds, and finally Elizabeth gave way before his entreaties. She looked at the handsome fellow and sighed hopelessly. She said, "I will give it to you, and do as you wish with it." Why should she now look for consideration from her brother? He had never yet reached higher ground than "I want;" and to expect Roland to look beyond himself was to expect the great miracle that never comes.

"NEITHER SHALL THE SUN LIGHT ON THEM, NOR ANY HEAT."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THERE is a world that hath the fadeless glory
Of a perpetual summer,—yet without
The summer's sultryness. No fervid blaze
Of a meridian sun doth e'er distress
The inhabitants of that unqualled clime;
No heated atmosphere makes them to long
For cooling winds. But, over all the land
And through the wide rooms of its many mansions,
Fresh breezes ceaseless play.

TORONTO.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER X.—WHERE SORROW COMES UPON SORROW.

During the spring and summer, various companies of "show people," with curious, foreign, or abnormally formed animals, and human monstrosities, wander about the "United Kingdom," attending the fairs, where they have booths or tents, and show their wonders, or their wax-works, generally for penny fees. Music and glib talk accompany these exhibitions, and I had often wondered that the erratic and lively-tongued Bobby Goldspray did not belong to one of these little companies as talker-in-chief. As the autumn draws in with its chill and short days, the itinerant show folk return to London, or to other of the great cities, where they have their winter home and make a precarious living by keeping a room open day and night, where their wonders are shown as usual for a penny, or possibly twopence. Sometimes, the better to keep the wolf starvation at bay, a number of the showmen consolidate for the winter, securing a larger exhibit and dividing expenses.

The circumstances of Mr. Goldspray's early life had made him acquainted with many of these London Bohemians, and when in October of the year, some of whose events we are chronicling, he had quarrelled with the pawnbroker, and airily and instantly left his service, he engaged himself to the "Grand European Human and Animal Consolidated Curiosity Headquarters, Under Royal Patronage," where he was to officiate as exhibitor and musician. It was a life that suited the restless, fickle, airy Mr. Goldspray, but he knew to a certainty that Miss Chip would be greatly displeased and distressed to hear of what new business he had undertaken; and Fanny,—he had great doubts about Fanny; morever, he would now need to be out late at night, to which Miss Chip would vehemently object.

To sound Fanny's views of his new departure, Mr. Goldspray invited her for an afternoon's outing, "to go and see a museum."

Miss Chip had never wavered in her opinion, that since the Golden Daisy had attached himself to Fanny, the girl's love would accomplish that wherein her own affection had been impotent, and desiring nothing so much as the rescue of her idol, with ready crucifixion of her own feelings, she as far as possible threw the young people together.

On the afternoon in question, the two set off to the "Grand European Human," etc., and all the way Bobby artfully sang the praises of the people they were to visit. According to Bobby, they had travelled in all Europe, and been highly complimented, and often inspected by people of the loftiest station; they were benefactors of the public, exhibiting, explaining and instructing; a visit to them was as good as a week in a public school;

unnumbered young people first learned to love and pursue science, and become famous, by frequenting a "Grand European Human and Animal," etc. Goldspray also expatiated on the kindness, benevolence, wit, linguistic abilities, high moral tone, and vast enlightenment of the owners of the "Grand European," etc. Without doubt he raised Fanny's expectations too high; on her own part, arriving at the exhibition, Fanny found it dirty, half lighted, smelling of dust, moths, and old fur, infested by a rather rough but decidedly innumerous public, and the two or three exhibitors revealed themselves to the keen eyes of the London girl, who had always fought her own way, rather as public swindlers than as public benefactors.

Perhaps Fanny would not have taken such exceeding exception to place and people, had she not overheard Mr. and Mrs. Dexter—or as they stood on their show-bill, Signor and Signora Fantella—talking with Mr. Goldspray of his engagement to them, and of his presently beginning his career as exhibitor and musician, a Miss Ann Mooney being engaged to sing duets with him, or solos to his instrumental accompaniment; Miss Mooney appearing as Mademoiselle Ville. This prospect of work for Mr. Goldspray filled Fanny with disgust. The words "broker's office," "collecting money," "looking after bills," etc., which Bobby at judicious intervals had paraded before Miss Chip and herself, had sounded well to them both. Fanny had had dreams of Mr. Goldspray's rising by his brilliant talents, until he became partner in some business, and could live in a neat brick house, with a nickel-plated knocker or bell-handle! But what prospect of rising would there be in a peripatetic show? Then the very voices and faces of those people indicated that they drank, and had she not seen a yet moist beer can, and the end of a surreptitious liquor bottle in that little behind-scenes corner, where in excess of hospitality she had been shown?

On the way home she reproached Mr. Goldspray for these things. Why was he leaving a respectable business (Fanny knew nothing of the *pawnbroker*) to enter into this short-lived, dangerous, shabby, tricky, show business?

Bobby responded that he had quarrelled with his recent "boss," who had a vile temper, was a liar, and a cheat. Business was not easy to get; a man must do as he could—he would not live on Miss Chip's charity, he must work at something; if Fanny set up to despise him, he could not become a genteel pauper to please her—the show business was a good fair one. As to being out at nights, as to beer, gin, and so on, Bobby asserted that he was out of leading-strings, knew how to take care of himself, and fancied he could come home at ten or eleven o'clock, without being escorted. He urged Fanny not to tell Miss Chip of his change of business. "Chip was so queer."

"It's not right to deceive her, she's your best friend," said Fanny.

"Oh, not better than you are, Fanny," said Bobby.

"I make sure she'd put up with more than I would," said Fanny.

So the pair returned to the Dragon and Tea-Kettle in an evi-

dently bad humour with each other, much to Miss Chip's sorrow, who found she could not please nor guard her Bobby in any fashion.

A week or two after this, Fanny was sent over by Miss Chip to tell me that the old dame was ailing, and had taken to her bed; she was not suffering particularly, but growing weaker. After this matter had been explained I asked:

"How are you and Mr. Goldspray getting on now, Fanny?"

"I'm so busy waiting on my old lady, I don't see much of Mr. Goldspray," said Fanny evasively.

"But you know if he's doing well, and keeping clear of liquor."

"Then I don't think he's doing well at all," said Fanny, and the whole story of the visit to the show and Goldspray's change of occupation burst forth. "He hasn't told Miss Chip; he is out nights, and he hoaxes her with stories of being at a night-school teaching classes. I don't like any such kind of ways; if it's none of her business, why don't he say so, like a man? Why is he so sly? I like to see a one that pretends to be a man, to be straight out and independent—like Mr. Rogers, now. To be sure, Mr. Goldspray's had no sorrow to make him melancholy like poor Mr. Rogers, but I must say I like to see a man steady and serious sometimes, instead of always joking, and fooling, and making up things. Then I know Mr. Goldspray's drinking again—not much—not to overcome him; but he went up to bed pretty noisy last night, when me and Miss Chip were sitting by the old lady, and I saw Miss Chip start, and look at me. Oh dear, I wish I'd never seen Mr. Goldspray!" exclaimed Fanny, with tears in her eyes.

"I think you had better have nothing more to do with him; he is a very unreliable young man."

Miss Chip's old mother was evidently on her death-bed. Her mind wandered in the scenes of the past, and in a low voice she often talked for hours of her sad experiences. Fanny was her constant and skilful nurse. She was invaluable to Miss Chip, not only having a quicker, quieter way in nursing, but Miss Chip was absolutely needed in the affairs of her house, and in the eating-room, and could not have given her business proper attention had she not been sure that Fanny was as devoted and judicious an attendant for the invalid as she herself would have been.

We often dropped in to see the patient. Doing so one day, we found Fanny tearful, and did not notice it particularly, supposing she was in sorrow for the old dame. Suddenly the sick woman lifted her shrivelled finger to touch a drop on Fanny's cheek.

"Are you crying because your husband is drunk, poor woman? Ah, how I cried and cried about that! No one more miserable than a drunkard's wife. Oh, it's terror and tears all the time."

Her voice fell away, and she dropped into a doze. We looked narrowly at Fanny, and asked:

"How is Mr. Goldspray behaving now?"

"Oh, so badly!" sobbed Fanny, under her breath. "One night he did not come home at all, and last night Mr. Cook brought

him in drunk, at midnight. It's no use, ma'am, I must give him up. I feel sick and disgusted. Miss Chip says I never have loved him much, if I give him up, grow weary, and lose heart so soon. Maybe I didn't; I don't know. I like a man to look up to, and that is strong like, and I remember my promise to my mother. I must give him up. I cannot like a man that drinks."

"By all means give him up, Fanny; if anyone can manage him, it is Miss Chip; if she cannot, no one can."

The old lady came out of her doze. She looked up.

"Ah, Annie, my pretty little Annie, is it you?" she said.

"She often calls me Annie," whispered Fanny. "Yes, dear, I am here. Do you want anything?"

"I've had such dreams about you, Annie. I thought you had married a drunkard, and it broke your heart and you died—so young, so pretty, and so sad. Don't marry him, Annie, don't, dear, no matter how easy and pleasant he seems. I know all about it—oh, I know, it's to die daily—don't, Annie."

"No, no, dear, I won't," sobbed Fanny, putting her young, shining head beside the gray and wrinkled one on the pillow. "Go to sleep, dear, and don't dream any more bad things. I'll never marry a drinking man. I'll stop with you, dear."

A short, hard sob behind me caused me to turn. There stood poor Miss Chip, her stern face paler, and more set, an unutterable sorrow in her eyes. I knew she had more than one woe in her heart. She saw her mother dying, and the foolish youth she so strongly cherished—ruined.

The old lady died in the early days of November. Her weary, sorrowful life drifted down calmly to its end. Her last words were, as she reached out a trembling old hand to clasp her daughter and Fanny, "The work is all done now; the sun is going down over the fields. Come, dears, let us go home—go home."

But in that last day or two of the old lady's life, Bobby Goldspray woke up to all the best that was in him, and quite outdid himself. He took charge of the desk, and of the eating-room; he kept the customers of the penny table quiet; he brought the minister and the doctor; he was as handy as a woman around the sick-bed. When all was over, Mr. Goldspray tied a long black streamer on the front door; summoned the undertaker; bought a handful of wheat, tied with a white satin ribbon, to lay on the quiet old breast; invested in a new high silk hat, with a huge, wide mourning band; put on a decent suit of black; toned down his piping, merry voice; was so sad he could not eat, and escorted Miss Chip, with all devotion and solemnity, to the burial. In those sad days he was the mainstay of the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle."

"Oh," said Em'ly, with an excess of that intense admiration wherewith all the maids at the eating-house regarded the versatile Bobby, "Oh, Mr. Goldspray *do* behave beautiful!"

And the Golden Daisy was not feigning—he was really in deep sorrow and sympathy. His shallow nature held its little

stratum of affection for the old woman who had known him and had been motherly to him for sixteen or more years. She had welcomed him to her poor hearth, mended his clothes, given him cakes and apples, dried his tears, and petted him, as a boy. She had sympathized with him in greater sorrows, had condoned his offences, had lived under the same roof with him. He mourned for her, and he sympathized with Miss Chip, his one staunch, true friend.

After the funeral I thought that Fanny had better take a place that I could find for her, and so be removed from Mr. Goldspray. But common sorrow had drawn Miss Chip and Fanny closely together, and while Miss Chip insisted that Fanny should remain with her, to sew, iron, and aid in other work about the house, Fanny protested that she could not leave her friend and benefactress. I could see that poor Miss Chip relied still on Fanny as a moral influence on Goldspray, while, although Fanny admired his kindness shown in sorrow, she was evidently losing that fancy which she had supposed to be real affection for him.

Immediately after old Mrs. Chip's death, Mr. Rogers lost his housekeeper, who was taken with rheumatism, and went home. He, therefore, sublet his furnished rooms, and came to board with Miss Chip, bringing Charlie with him. Little Charlie was placed in Fanny's care, and the girl devoted herself to him, as she had to the old lady; no child could be more neatly kept, more tenderly treated. The companionship of a cheerful young girl won little Charlie from his preternatural silence and melancholy —induced, no doubt, by the continuous gloom of his unfortunate mother. The child became smiling and loquacious, he played like other children, and was a true little sunbeam in the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle."

The kindness that Miss Chip had shown during the illness of Whaling's boy, had by no means created any cordiality between the Gin-palace and the Temperance Eating-house. During many years the family and friends of poor Miss Chip had been made the prey of Whaling; many and many a time the energetic Miss Chip, as girl and woman, had gone boldly into Whaling's to bring out her strays as preys from his teeth, and she had not spared to tell him, in terse Saxon, what she thought of him and his doings.

No sooner had Mr. Whaling reached the acme of his ambition, in the leasing and fitting up of a gorgeous gin-palace, than he found Miss Chip planted opposite him in a Temperance Eating-house, and while Mr. Whaling certainly made enormous gains, gathering into his own pocket money that would have made dozens of families of his customers comfortable and respectable, it was quite true that Miss Chip prevented many from going to his place, saved many a man and woman from beggary by keeping them from Whaling's bar, and her cheap, good refreshments beguiled many who would have gone into the gin-palace. The one place where Whaling was vulnerable was his pocket. What Miss Chip had done for his boy was nothing as compared

with what she had done against the gin-palace. Mrs. Whaling, indeed, said that Miss Chip "'adn't hacted 'alf bad when poor Joey were took."

Joey himself had never recovered from the effects of his brain fever; he became bodily pretty well, but his mind was affected; he was partly idiotic. The doctor advised his parents to place him in some asylum or hospital, but English people have an exceeding dislike to putting their relatives in these institutions, and Mrs. Whaling said Joey was "no 'arm to hany one," and hoped he would become better at home. The physician carefully warned her that the unhappy lad's brain could not bear alcoholic stimulus, that it would excite him and make him violent. Joey strayed around home, doing as he pleased, amusing himself vacantly, or vacantly standing and gazing, and frequently going over to the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," where he seemed to enjoy himself much, sitting by Miss Chip's desk and watching the customers.

The fact that his son frequented the eating-house seemed to stir up to renewed intensity Mr. Whaling's animosity to Miss Chip. He had been her neighbour long enough to know where an attack upon her could be made with cruellest effect—through Mr. Goldspray.

Mr. Whaling hired—with gin—some of his hangers-on to go to the "Grand European Human and Animal," etc., make the acquaintance of Mr. Goldspray, treat him a few times, and finally, accompany him by a back street and door "for a regular spree," at Mr. Whaling's. The result was, that while Miss Chip was one night anxiously sitting up for poor Bobby, and Fanny, partly anxious for him and very sympathetic in behalf of Miss Chip, was sitting by her, the door of the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle" was pushed open by Whaling and one of his pot-boys, and Mr. Goldspray was flung in, nothing less than "beastly drunk."

Miss Chip gathered herself together to meet this new storm of fate. She called Grow and the cook, and proceeded to sober up Bobby as far as water would do it, and put him to bed. It was Fanny's first close contact with a man helplessly, hopelessly drunk. Her father, dead in her childhood, had been a sober man. She and her mother had kept quietly to themselves, and Fanny at the sight of an intoxicated person had been wont to flee. The direful state of the recreant Golden Daisy filled her with terror and loathing. Break with him at once and entirely she must and would.

After this, Cook and Rogers, in deep pity for Miss Chip, who had been their warm and constant friend, kindly volunteered to go nightly after Goldspray and bring him home. Meanwhile Miss Chip sought other occupation for her miserable protégé.

Goldspray himself had now fallen into an obstinate and rebellious state. He refused to leave the show; he was sulky to Miss Chip, and threatened to leave her and never be heard from more; he was furious with Fanny, who resolutely insisted that "all was over forever between them;" he was madly jealous of

Rogers, declaring that Fanny would not have cast him off so readily if she had not turned her fancy to Mr. Rogers' blue uniform.

To be entirely just to Fanny, if Mr. Goldspray had behaved himself properly, been sober, pursued an honourable business, and offered her a home, her affection for him would not have wavered, but have increased in strength, and she would have made him a faithful wife; but Goldspray chose to behave worse than a lunatic, and Rogers was ever in sight conducting himself like a Christian man, while his sad loss and grief therefor had aroused all simple little Fanny's kindly sympathies. Meanwhile Fanny's goodness to little Charlie, shown with no ulterior designs, but the mere outcome of her affectionate heart, was greatly soothing and pleasing to Rogers.

Affairs at "The Dragon and the Tea-Kettle," were by no means harmonious. Miss Chip could not blame Fanny nor Rogers; the justice of her disposition forced her to exonerate them both, but she was almost heart-broken over poor Goldspray. As Goldspray would now resent all service and interference from Rogers, Cook kindly gave much of his time to looking the doomed youth up and bringing him home. It had come to be a drawn battle between Whaling and Miss Chip for poor Bobby. Again and again, day or night, Whaling opened the door of the eating-house and flung in Bobby, drunk, and with a demoniac grin over his work of perdition, demanded thanks for not calling in the police to carry off his customer, instead of bringing him home.

Once he gave him into the hands of a policeman, new to that beat, who carried him to the station-house, whence Miss Chip next day recovered him. That was a dismal winter at the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle." Once Goldspray had *delirium tremens*.

The "Grand European" found him too drunken and negligent, and turned him off. Everyone gave him up but Miss Chip. Her cry over this, her wanderer, echoed the prophet's plaint of old: "How can I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboam?"

From this poor sinner the girl's love had drifted away like the faint shadow of the summer cloud; but the love of this strong, stern woman, partaking so largely of the maternal, held fast to him like the Covenant of Day and Night.

I THANK Thee, gracious Lord,
For the divine award
Of strength that helps me up the heavy heights
Of mortal sorrow, where, through tears forlorn,
My eyes got glimpses of the authentic lights
Of love's eternal morn.

And I would make thanksgiving
For the sweet double living,
That gives the pleasures that have passed away
The sweetness and the sunshine of to-day.

—ALICE CARY.

"IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT BUT MY OWN."

BY CAMILLA B. SANDERSON.

"THERE'S no one to blame, miss; it's nobody's fault but my own." So she said as I asked her pityingly how she came to be in such a plight. And what a forlorn object she was! Shivering with cold, her wet clothes, bedraggled and dirty, clinging to her thin figure, her hat all awry, and the pretty brown hair hanging in damp masses about her face. And her face! Words fail to picture it. Once she must have been pretty, but now the blue eyes were dull from drink and heavy with weeping; the cheeks were haggard, and flushed with a deep, unnatural red, and on one side was a terrible black bruise caused by either a blow or a fall. As she caught my sorrowful look she repeated her statement, "There's no one to blame, miss; it's nobody's fault but my own. When I see the drink I can't pass it, and once I take the first drop I don't seem to care what becomes of me." Then pointing to the bruise on her face, "I wasn't fighting, miss, I just couldn't see where I was going, and I fell."

She was so weak, poor thing, and she knew it. Knew that through inherited temperament her whole being craved stimulus —a panacea for distress and power to go on. She knew, too, that she had yielded to this craving, to drown her misery and help her to work, until habit had grown into a chain of mighty strength, dragging her ever downward, and now she had no power of resistance left. And she knew, also, to her cost, that here, there, and yonder, on every hand, at every street corner, ay, and between the streets, the sight of drinkers and the smell of drink, like imps of evil, were ever present to lure her on to her own undoing. Yet nobody was to blame but herself!

Could it be that she believed this? Could it be that her generous woman's soul, even in its degradation, saw only her own guilt, and in the very abandon of despair blamed herself, and herself only, for her blighted womanhood? "My heart grew hot within me." The hideous wrong, the awful injustice struck me like a blow. Weakness the prey of strength, and the abuse of that strength sanctioned by the laws of our Christian country.

Just see how consistent we are—One of our citizens, alert, keen and active, steps on a loosened plank in the sidewalk and sprains his ankle. The corporation is sued for damages, and his pain is soothed by the thought that if he has to suffer, they have to pay for it. A passenger is either a little too fast or a little too slow in getting off a trolley-car, and, in consequence, gets a broken arm or a bruised head. He puts the case into a lawyer's hands and is recompensed. A reckless wheelman turns a corner at full speed, causing a restive horse to run away, and lo! public sympathy is touched to the quick, the runaway is bemoaned, and the luckless cyclist execrated unsparingly.

Yet what are these compared with the crushed hopes and

wrecked life of this poor, heartbroken victim of the drink traffic? Hers is a case so sorrowful that no words can express the pity of it; and yet, judging by appearances, general sentiment echoes her own sad cry, "There's no one to blame but myself." But, judging by appearances, this is not "righteous judgment" in her case. Who tempted her to drink, telling her it would cheer her up and help her to finish her work? Who passed to her, over the bar, the vile stuff that stupefied and degraded her? Who owns the building where the drink is sold, and lets it out for that purpose, because there's money in it? Who rents the place where she got the drink, and makes for himself and family an easy, luxurious living out of the earnings of drunkards? Who grants him the license by which his evil business is made legal and respectable? And who make laws by which the manufacture and sale of liquor are nestled under the protecting wing of the government? And who vote for their party man, whether he be good and true, or only a time-serving truckler, and so sustain the power under whose authority the poison is manufactured, and a license to sell it over the bar secured?

Surely the Lord, the righteous Judge, will take knowledge of all these things in that day when He shall judge the world "according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil." And in that day there will be due measure of blame for the mistress who cared only to get her work done; for the clerk at the bar who cared for nothing but the number of glasses he could sell; for the owner who asked only that his property bring him in a high rent; for the man who got his easy living by the ruin of his brother man and sister woman; for the municipal authorities who granted the license, through recognition of the fact that so many inhabitants *must have facilities for so much drink;* for the government, as a whole, and for its individual members, who stood by and upheld, for the sake of money, this traffic in the soul-life of the nation; and last, but by no means least, for every man and woman who had a vote and did not use it for the glory of God and the good of humanity.

In the searching light of that awfnl day, how shall we bear the test? How will our life and the use of our influence appear? There will be no room for subterfuge nor excuse. This man or that woman was weak to resist temptation and we knew it, yet were, to say the least, indifferent. The evil traffic was carried on, under our very eyes, and wrought the ruin of untold thousands, yet we voted for our man and upheld our party, soothing our consciences by disowning all personal responsibility, and throwing the blame upon the poor drink-cursed individuals themselves. That might do on earth, but there, one flash of eternal light from the great white throne will reveal to us God's estimate of each individual soul, and His Divine condemnation of our own hideous selfishness.

Oh, that we could now see what short-sighted selfishness it is, since as individuals, whether good or bad, we form parts of one

great whole, and the well-being of the whole depends upon the well-being of the individual parts. If my brother or sister, or my neighbour, is weak in character, or reckless in life, the moral equilibrium of the whole community is lost, and nothing can restore the equipoise but the restoration of the individual. And if the weakness of character and recklessness of life degenerate into vice and crime, every member of the community is affected more or less by the evil.

Could we but realize this, the instinct of self-preservation, our very selfishness, in fact, would prompt us to try and make a breakwater against this awful and ever-increasing tide of destruction. But we do not realize it, and why? Because our everyday interests are so petty; because our selfishness is so self-centred that it blinds our eyes and perverts our judgment; because, in our heart of hearts, we do not believe that the world, with all its wealth, is a poor price for a human soul, because we do not acknowledge that every man, however debased, is our brother; that every woman, however degraded, is our sister; and that in the day when God's great book is opened, we shall be called to account, not only for the influence used, but for that which we might have used to bless them with the light of truth, and to lift them up into regions of purity and peace.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Am I the guardian of my sister? Verily, I am. By the very instinct of self-preservation; by the law of human brotherhood; by the teachings of the Word of God; by the value of an immortal soul; and by the life and death of Jesus, the Christ of God, "who loved us and gave Himself for us," that we might henceforth not live unto ourselves; but being raised by His power into newness of life, and into fulness of sympathy with His divine compassion, we, too, might live the life of the Crucified; we, too, might become saviours of men.

TORONTO.

A MAY EVENING.

(Translated from the German of Franz Alfred Muth.)

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

THE May rain's gently falling,
Each flower's with fragrance kissed,
And a holy angel's blessing
Sweeps o'er the deep-blue mist.

My soul is filled with blessing,
That speaks of Eternity,
Of rain in May and fragrant flowers—
And pain and sorrow flee.

The course of day is over,
Now burns the torch of Love;
My heart reflects the thousand stars
That gleam in heaven above.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.

MISSIONS AMONG THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

BY REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

When the Anglo-French forces entered Pekin in 1858 a breach was made in the wall of Chinese exclusiveness, through which the foreigner found permanent entrance to the "Flowery Kingdom." But it does not seem to have occurred to the diplomats of that period that a breach large enough to let the foreigner in might also be large enough to let the Chinaman out, and that an exodus of an overcrowded population might take place that would be far more embarrassing to the nations than the exclusive policy of China had been. Yet so it proved. Through the open breach made by French and English cannon the congested population of the southeast coast provinces of China began to pour, in almost countless numbers, and in less than a couple of decades more than one English-speaking nation—notably the United States, Australia, and Canada—found itself confronted by a problem that baffled its wisest statesman, and led some to fear that Anglo-Saxon civilization might be seriously handicapped by the inroads of Asiatic heathenism.

The bitter antagonism to the Chinese finds no parallel in the feelings entertained toward emigrants from any other nation. Even the Italian labourer, whose morality and religion, for the most part, are no higher than the morality and religion of the Chinese, finds comparative welcome. But wherever Chinamen appear in any considerable numbers hostility, and in many cases mob violence, becomes the order of the day. It is not easy to account for this often unreasonable and always unreasoning prejudice. True, the Chinaman in America ranks low, as a rule, in the scale of intelligence and morality, but not any lower than a great many others, against whom no such prejudice is entertained. He is said to underbid the white man in the labour market, and thus inflicts a wrong upon the industrial classes; but if John takes lower wages than his Anglo-Saxon competitor it is not because he wishes to do so, but he thinks it better to work cheaply than not to work at all. He has vices, it is true, smokes opium and is an inveterate gambler, but for the most part he gratifies his vices in private, and does not flaunt them in the light of the sun as the white man of the same class very often does. He does not become a citizen, it is said, nor assimilate readily with the population of this continent; but it may be doubted if immigrants from other lands would assimilate one whit more readily if they received the same treatment that is accorded to the Chinaman.

The problem presented by the Chinese "invasion" has been dealt with by the various classes affected in characteristic ways. The hoodlum class in the cities and mining regions of the Pacific coast, influenced, it would seem, more by pure deviltry than anything else, have resorted to brute violence, and by unprovoked and murderous attacks upon the Chinese have not only proved that the savage instinct still lives, and that civilization is only a comparative term, but have placed American missionaries and others

residing in China in great danger from Chinese mobs, who have sought by open violence to revenge the indignities put upon their countrymen in America. I am aware that other causes have been assigned for the outbreaks in China ; but those who are competent to speak, and are not deterred by political considerations, do not hesitate to affirm that resentment against American treatment of Chinese has been at the bottom of outbreaks from which Americans in China have suffered.

The politicians, pandering to the labour organizations and the hoodlum class, have sought to meet the case by repressive and oppressive legislation, culminating in the Geary Act. Whether this Act can be enforced remains to be seen ; but if it can it will remain, to all coming time, a standing blot upon American honour. No one pretends that this Act is not a direct violation of rights guaranteed by solemn treaty ; and no nation, were it twice as strong as the United States, can long stand before the opprobrium that attaches to treaty-breakers. The politicians have yet to learn, however, that national honour, although involving some inconvenience at times, is of infinitely greater importance than any temporary advantage gained by breach of national faith.

Canada, I regret to say, has been moving in this matter in the footsteps of her sister nation, but has not gone so far ; and I hope she may yet see occasion to retrace the steps she has taken. Meanwhile, there is one circumstance which all concerned would do well to note, namely, that the characteristic quality of the Chinese is plodding perseverance. They are slow to take a step forward, but having taken it, they never go back. The fact may as well be recognized first as last—the Chinese in Australia, in America, in Canada, have come to stay ; and as mob violence and unjust legislation have failed to drive them out in the past, so they will fail in the future. The Chinese problem will have to be solved along entirely different lines from these.

While labour, mobs, and statecraft, with a good deal of bluster and ostentation, have been moving along the lines of lawless violence or legalized wrong, and yet have utterly failed to meet the emergency, Christianity has been attempting, in a quiet way and on a small scale, to apply the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the solution of this international problem, and it may be confidently affirmed that Christianity is the only force that has thus far accomplished anything in that direction. For more than a score of years in the Pacific States, and for less than half that time in British Columbia, mission work among the Chinese has been carried forward with varying success, and enough has been accomplished to show that the Gospel can do what other forces have utterly failed to accomplish. It can transform the heathen into a Christian, the alien into a citizen, disturbing elements in society into law-abiding members of the commonwealth. An agency that can do this is surely entitled to respectful consideration and a fair stage on which to try its experiment on a large scale.

The Methodist Episcopal Church began work among the Chinese on the Pacific coast in 1868, and in the last twenty years over two thousand converts have been received into the Church, many of whom have returned to their former homes in China, carrying with them the light of the Gospel. In the report of the society for 1892, the situation is outlined in a few sentences : " We may consider it a privilege to have a share in the evan-

gelization of the oldest and most populous nation in the world without the necessity of crossing the seas. Heathen as dark as any to be found in heathen lands are to be found at our very doorsteps; their children, born on our soil, are growing up in our midst. To instruct them in the saving truths of the Gospel is a responsibility which God has laid upon the churches of this land." But the work of the missionaries has been greatly hindered by anti-Chinese legislation. Many Chinese who were formerly friendly are now hostile, for they find it hard to believe that a nation that has enacted such unjust laws can be sincere in its professed concern for their spiritual welfare. In spite of these and other hindrances, however, the work has been fairly prosperous, and in San Francisco there has been a decided gain.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Pacific Coast has also been doing a good work among the women and children. In San Francisco alone there are fifteen hundred native-born Chinese children, and these, I suppose, are by birthright citizens of the United States, born under her flag, and entitled to all the privileges which that citizenship guarantees. In its Annual Report the society not only protests against the exclusion bill as "unjust, unwise, and un-American," but also arraigns the federal Government for its complicity with the opium traffic, from which it receives an annual import revenue of $1,000,000, and from smuggled and confiscated opium $500,000 more. In New York there is also a Chinese Mission under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but it has not yet assumed dimensions calling for special notice.

Of the California Chinese Mission (Congregational) the writer has been unable to procure any recent report; but the latest information available shows that the society is in vigorous operation, and that the results of the work are encouraging.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Presbyterian Church has not been remiss in its efforts to reach and uplift these "strangers within our gates"; and in these efforts churches, schools, and rescue homes play an important part. Splendid work is being done by the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at San Francisco, Cal.

Across the Canadian border, in British Columbia, a chapter has been written on Chinese mission work that is full of interest. In the summer of 1883, a Christian merchant of Montreal visited the coast and found in the city of Victoria more than three thousand Chinese utterly uncared for, and numbers more scattered throughout the Province. On his return home, he wrote a letter to a member of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, asking if something could not be done for these destitute strangers, and offering $500 toward founding a mission, if considered practicable. The letter was laid before the Board, and it was resolved to begin a mission in Victoria as soon as a suitable agent could be found. But a "suitable agent" meant, in this instance, one who could speak to the Chinese in the tongue wherein they were born of the wonderful works of God; and no such person appeared in sight. A few months later a firm of Chinese merchants in Victoria had a case of some importance coming up in the courts, and they wanted a competent interpreter who could be thoroughly trusted. They knew that in San Francisco there was a young man (John Endicott Gardner, son of a Presbyterian missionary)

who had been born and brought up in China, was thoroughly reliable, and spoke Cantonese like a native. He was sent for and promptly responded to the call. Mr. Gardner was temporarily engaged by the Methodist Board, and subsequently become a regularly ordained missionary. The work took root from the very beginning. One year after the first services were held the writer had the privilege of baptizing eleven converts —the first-fruits of the mission. Now there is a large mission church in Victoria, suitable buildings in Vancouver and New Westminster, and work has been begun at Kamloops and Nanaimo. There is also a Girls' Rescue Home in Victoria, under the control of the Woman's Board, which, like the one in San Francisco, has rescued and sheltered many friendless girls. Some of these have been sent home to China, some married to Christian Chinamen, and still the good work goes on. At the present time there are over two hundred Chinese communicants in the churches in British Columbia.

Reference has already been made to the prejudice against the Chinese, especially in the Pacific States and British Columbia. This prejudice leads many to doubt the sincerity of a Chinaman's professed conversion, and the "baser sort" do not hesitate to affirm that it is all hypocrisy, and is prompted by purely selfish motives. But when it is remembered that when a Chinaman is baptized he is ostracized by his own people, his possessions often destroyed, and his very life endangered, while, on the other hand, he receives scant sympathy, if any, from white men, or even from white Christians, the origin of the "selfish motive" is not easily discovered. It is not claimed that all are sincere, or that all have proved faithful; but it may be safely affirmed that cases of defection are as few among Chinamen as among the same number of any other nation, not excepting English or American. In regard to this matter testimonies like the following should carry some weight:

Rev. J. Endicott Gardner, of Victoria, B.C., says: "In point of character, consistency, zeal, and liberality, I consider my Chinese church-members are on a level with the average members of any church."

Rev. W. S. Holt, of the Presbyterian Mission, Portland, says: "I have been among the Chinese in China and the United States for almost nineteen years, and consider the Chinese Christians compare favourably with those of any other nation in character and fidelity."

Dr. Pond, Secretary of the Congregational Chinese Mission, says: "During the last seventeen years eight hundred Chinamen have been admitted to our church. . . . I affirm that by every practical test of character, by their steadfastness, zeal, honesty, liberality, growing knowledge of the truth, and in increasing efficiency in teaching the truth to others, they give, on an average, tokens of true conversion as clear as can be found in the Christians of any land."

These are samples from a multitude of testimonies, and may be appropriately closed by the following concrete instance: In Victoria, B.C., two Chinamen, members of the Methodist Mission, formed a business partnership as merchants, and adopted certain rules for the regulation of their business. Three of the rules were as follows: "1. We will not buy or sell anything that is injurious to our fellow-men." This at one stroke excluded opium, intoxicating liquors and tobacco. "2. We will do no business on

Sunday. 3. Of all that we make, one-tenth shall be given to the Lord's work." Such principles are not common even among white Christians, and are somewhat rare on the Pacific coast. The two men referred to found that their "new departure" was not popular, and seeing that they must change their principles or give up their business, they deliberately chose the latter alternative, and cheerfully suffered loss rather than do what they believed to be wrong. Further comment is unnecessary.

Whether, therefore, we have in view the command of the Master, the needs of these strangers, the interests of Christian civilization on this continent, or the reflex influence of our work on the millions in China, the call is urgent to push forward the work of evangelizing the Chinese who have come to our shores.—*The Missionary Review.*

TORONTO.

AT THY BEHEST.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THY time is best:
Although the weary spirit longs to find
Her place of rest,
Calmly she folds again her outspread wings
At Thy behest.

Thou canst not err—
And, knowing this so well, she stays her flight
Without demur,
To listen if perchance Thou make her yet
Thy messenger;

For Thou dost breathe
To souls that wait and listen, words of cheer,
And so dost wreathe
Their grief with joy, that they to other souls
May joy bequeath.

If this be why
Thy weary one still lingers 'mid the scenes
She fain would fly—
Lord, let the lips that speak Thy messages
Emit no sigh!

Thy time is best—
And in Thine own good time, the spirit, freed
To find her rest,
Swiftly from earth shall soar, on eager wings,
At Thy behest.

TORONTO.

DR. J. O. PECK.

BY DR. J. M. BUCKLEY.

THE REV. DR. PECK.

"This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro, did sway upon the wall;
Our shadow selves,
Our influence, may fall
Where *we* can never be."

AFTER contending for ten years against the inroads of an insidious malady, hardly recognized because of protracted periods of apparent recovery, Dr. Jonas Oramel Peck, on Thursday morning, May 18th, relinquished the struggle, leaving the shattered tenement, while the invisible spirit took flight to the God who gave it.

To the multitudes who have seen the massive frame, heard the clarion tone, felt the burning ardour, and knew nothing of the spectre which ever and anon whispered in his ear, "Time is short," the announcement of his death will inflict a pang and a shock. To his personal friends it is as when a noble tree, under whose shade they had sat and upon which others had leaned for support, falls in the tempest of a night. A fortnight ago we saw him at his desk. To-day he is a memory to the living; a contemporary of the dead.

His earth-life began at Groton, Vt., September 6th, 1836. From earliest childhood, every development promised a perfect physical manhood, to which consummation the athletic exercises of the farm and the indomitable perseverance necessary to manly self-support contributed, until he stood as a Saul among his fellows. Conversion to God harmonized his noble faculties; the heterogeneous concourse of dreams, ambitions, impulses, and purposes became in one day a disciplined army, subject to one Commander, for whom he determined to make the most of himself.

He worked his way through Amherst College; was graduated at the age of twenty-six. Having been unmistakably summoned into the ministry by the same spirit which bore witness to his conversion, he had been acting pastor of two churches successively while yet an undergraduate.

In view of his divine call, a still more honourable record was made by the ever-increasing power he displayed in winning souls. Of that wisdom he was a master.

In reviewing his life we deem him entitled to the credit of having done for Methodism, on a larger scale than any other man, the inestimable work of demonstrating that great revivals, with all and only genuine Methodist accessories and methods, may be produced in any part of the country, and in the most elegant churches and the most fastidious societies, under the superintendence of the pastor in the regular discharge of his duty. No year in his ministry passed without them. His main reliance was upon the most courageous of all

methods, personal appeals in private. There he argued, pleaded, conquered, and the outward demonstrations upon which so many rely exclusively were but the gathering in of sheaves.

In Hanson Place, during the three years of his pastorate, nine hundred and twenty-five members were united to the church by certificate and profession. But instead of depending for success only upon accession by conversion, he attended to every detail relating to the finances, pastoral work, circulation of periodicals—in a word, everything naturally coming under the care of a minister. He owed this immense success to strict obedience to the injunction of Soloman: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." His imperfections were only such as are liable to accompany a strong will and an exuberant emotional nature.

At his funeral, President George Edward Reed, of Dickinson College, melted all hearts by relating how, thirty years ago, Dr. Peck had for three hours in his study in Lowell argued and pleaded with him, a humble boy, to accept Christ, and how, when at last he yielded and gave him his hand, the doctor prayed until God and his seeking soul were reconciled.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE SCIENCE OF PREACHING.

BY THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

THERE could not be a greater delusion than to imagine that the influence and attractiveness of the Christian pulpit have gone. There never was in all Christian history a preacher who enjoyed a greater or more lasting popularity than Mr. Spurgeon. The crowds that used to throng St. Paul's Cathedral when Canon Liddon preached there have never been surpassed. The Pulpit, instead of being weaker, is really growing stronger and stronger. The impression to the contrary is probably due to the fact that, for reasons into which I need not enter now, the average newspaper reporter has not hitherto been friendly to the pulpit, and has not been in the habit of regarding sermons as "good copy." No class of public speakers in this country have been so persistently boycotted or disparaged by the Press as preachers. But there are signs that this state of affairs is passing away, and the Press and the Pulpit are beginning to realize the advantage of an honourable alliance in the interests of justice and humanity.

The Press, consciously or unconsciously, has exerted a very beneficial influence over the Pulpit. It has influenced preachers, for one thing, to talk English and to make themselves intelligible. It has been even more beneficial in dragging them down from the clouds where they had been too apt to sail in metaphysical balloons. It has mightily influenced them to deal with the plain, practical interests of actual men and women. All sorts of subjects, at which our grandfathers would not have dared to hint in the pulpit, are now discussed there. Preachers do not hesitate now to use illustrations drawn from real life. I need scarcely add that this is exactly what their Master did two thousand years ago. His illustrations were taken from the men and women of His own time, and from the phenomena of nature with which His hearers were familiar. But a sort of pulpit style had grown up which was exceedingly artificial, stilted, and unreal. One small but significant symptom of the change in the direction of simplicity and genuineness which has come over the Pulpit is the fact that the preacher of our own day does not speak of himself as "we" and "us," but simply as "I" and "me." I can well remember the horror of some members of my own congregations when I first substituted the singular pronoun for the

royal "we" in which I had been trained. Another remarkable symptom of the age is the fact that the old, artificial, elaborate, and exceedingly florid rhetorical style is at a great discount. At one time ministers of religion used to prepare elaborate and brilliant sentences worked up into climaxes which produced a great impression upon half-educated audiences. But the age has become so much more earnest that it will not stand that sort of thing except occasionally.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the new method of preaching is its intensely ethical character. George Eliot would no longer be able to accuse Christian preachers of "other-worldliness." They trouble themselves less and less about the other world, and they take more and more to heart the sufferings and the needs of this. It is one of the most curious phenomena of history that what I may call the intensely secular character of Christ's teaching should have been so long overlooked. The idea arose very early in our era that Christianity was too good for this world; and men consequently thought they could attain its ideals only by living artificial lives apart from their fellows in monasteries or even by going to the further extreme of taking up their abode in some solitary cave in an African desert or elsewhere.

At the era of the Reformation the whole civilized world was well aware that neither the monastic nor the solitary life was morally one bit better than the ordinary life of society, that in some respects it was very much worse. But the idea that Christianity was too good for this world still clung even to the Reformers, so they transplanted the fulfilment of the Christian idea to another world altogether. I need scarcely say that this notion is flatly contradicted in every part of the New Testament. The angels who saluted the Nativity of our Lord sang of peace on earth and goodwill among men. In the same way our Lord Himself taught us to pray that the will of God might be done by men on earth as angels do it in heaven. In fact the whole of the Lord's Prayer refers to this world and to this life. When St. John closed the volume of Revelation with a glowing picture of the ideal city of God he was not referring, as is so strangely imagined, to heaven but to earth. He tells us expressly he saw "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God."

All this is becoming more evident to the preacher of to-day, and is giving his teaching an ethical flavour which has never been so conspicuous before. We hear a great deal in the pulpit now about the evils of drunkenness, sexual vice, gambling, and war. The sweating system is denounced, and overcrowding of the poor is deplored. We have entered, in fact, upon the Johannine period, and all the most characteristic religious teachers of our day are disciples of St. John. They realize with him that the very essence of real Christianity is brotherliness, and that we are to prove our love to God by our love to one another. The result is that the modern Pulpit deals very much less with metaphysical questions and protests loudly against the purely artificial distinctions that have too long been made between what is called "religious" and what is called "secular." This new development of teaching is what has given rise to the present strange dislocation of political parties, and to the much discussed "Nonconformist conscience."

Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, with only too much truth, that at present we have two religions in this country: one which we derive from the Greek and Latin authors and the other from the Old and New Testaments; one which we profess on Sunday and the other which we practise during the remaining days of the week. Mr. Spencer imagines that both of these religions must exist for a time, but significantly enough he prophesies the ultimate triumph of the Sunday religion. The modern Pulpit is increasingly alive to the calamitous contradictions and inconsistencies of nineteenth-century Christianity; and it is strenuously endeavouring so to enlighten and strengthen the Christian conscience

that twentieth-century Christianity may be of a piece and that men may apply the same moral principles to all the events of life, to business and civic duty and social intercourse as well as to so-called religious functions.

This has led to the development in the modern Pulpit of what has come to be known as Christian Socialism, or, as I prefer to designate it, Social Christianity. In a word, the modern teacher of Christianity believes that Christ came not merely to save individual souls—he believes that intensely—but also to reconstruct society upon a Christian basis. The Kingdom of God occupies a place in Christian thought that it has scarcely received before except in the teaching of some great Catholic preachers. We realize more and more how dependent the individual is upon his environment. We are not less conscious of the importance of individual regeneration, holding, indeed, with Horace Bushnell that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." But on the other hand the very highest improvement of the soul is scarcely possible except in a favourable social environment. Hitherto the laws and customs even of so-called Christian countries have to a very great extent sacrificed the many to the few and made it quite unnecessarily difficult for men to live virtuous lives. But, as Mr. Gladstone once said, the ideal of the Christian statesman is to make it easy for people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.

There is one other feature of present-day preaching which ought to be named: it has become less and less abstract and more and more concrete. In other words, instead of setting before men certain qualities and virtues as commendable, it has presented the human life of Jesus Christ as the example we should follow. In the present day the tendency of the pulpit is more and more to teach that the true Christian is the Christ-like Christian, and to repeat everywhere, with John Stuart Mill, that there is no better rule of conduct than this: What would Jesus of Nazareth have done if He had been in my place? Men are becoming more and more impatient of mere controversy, and perhaps even perilously disposed to accept any kind of doctrine if it is associated with a good and unmistakably beneficent life. We are apt to overlook the fact that false teaching, even if associated with a beautiful career, may still ultimately do irreparable mischief. But in the present reaction from the ecclesiastical and theological bitterness of the past, and in an intense realization of the magnitude of the problem of sin and misery with which we have to struggle, men are very indifferent to doctrinal truth, and greatly appreciative of ethical service.

I have not ventured in this paper to express opinions with respect to the merits or demerits of the most characteristic features of present-day preaching. I have simply appeared as an observant witness, to tell what I know. It will, of course, be understood that I am speaking of those preachers in all churches who are most typical of the time in which we live, and who have the ear of the public. Moreover, the various characteristics that have been enumerated are distributed among many men in the various branches of the Church of God. I have not been thinking of any particular preachers or school of preachers. At the same time I am persuaded that the general conception of modern-day preaching which I have given is descriptive of the type of preaching which differentiates us from the past, and is becoming more and more predominant in all the churches.—*The New Review.*

"Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."
—*Lowell.*

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON THE SCIENCE OF THE EARTH AND MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.*

In this volume our distinguished Canadian Christian scientist expresses the ripe conclusions of a life-long study of some of the most important problems which can engage the human mind. He discusses here, not merely the physical facts of the universe, but their relation to man as a moral being, and to God as a moral governor.

A unique feature is the dedication of these chapters to the memory of men whom the distinguished author has known and loved, and who, he says, would sympathize with him in spirit in his attempt to direct attention to these great works of the Creator.

Sir William Dawson has the courage of his convictions, and does not shrink from criticising the theories of material evolution. As regards the theory of the development of the solar system by the impact of two dark, solid bodies striking each other so violently that they become intensely heated and resolve into the smallest possible fragments, as maintained by Lord Kelvin and Mr. Croll, our author says, "It is rather more improbable than it would be to affirm that in the artillery practice of two opposing armies, cannon balls have thousands of times struck and shattered each other midway between the hostile batteries. It seems a strange way of making systems of worlds, that they should result from the chance collision of multitudes of solid bodies rushing hither and thither in space; and it is equally strange to imagine an intelligent Creator banging these bodies about like billiard balls in order to make worlds."

In a series of interesting chapters Sir William Dawson discusses, "The Dawn of Life" and what may be learned from *Eozoon Canadense*,—The Early-Born Canadian,—the oldest inhabitant of this planet, whom the learned Doctor has discovered and whose biography he has written. There has been a good deal of discussion about this organism, and it is possible that one earlier still may yet be found, but certainly it is hard to resist Sir William Dawson's conclusions when one looks at the portrayed specimens in the Geological Museum at Ottawa.

Other interesting chapters are on the apparition and succession of animal forms; the genesis and migration of plants; the growth of coal, of which Sir William has made a special study in the coal-fields of Nova Scotia, pre-determination in nature; the great ice age, which Sir William does not admit to be the formation of ice-caps at the poles through secular librations of the planet but largely the result of causes now operative, as we have shown in our recent review of his "Canadian Ice Age."

Chapters of special interest are those on distribution of animals and plants as related to geographical and geological changes, and that on early man, in which Sir William is much more conservative as to man's duration on the planet than most of the evolutionary school. The closing chapter on man and his place in nature notes the vast distinction between man and the other animals, shows where he is at war and where he is in harmony with nature, and points out the vast, unbridged gulf between the loftiest animals and man in the intellectual and moral endowments, the gifts of speech and reason which the latter possesses. We quote the concluding paragraphs of this noble argument, and trust that those of our readers interested in these august and important studies will avail themselves of the aid of this latest, but we hope not last, volume of one of the most eminent Christian scientists of the times.

* *Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth.* By Sir William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.G.S., etc. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. xii–499. Illustrated. Price $2.00.

"Materialistic evolution must ever, and necessarily, fail to account for the higher nature of man, and also for his moral abberrations. These only come rationally into the system of nature under the supposition of a higher intelligence, from whom man emanates, and whose nature he shares.

"But on this theistic view we are introduced to a kind of unity and of evolution for a future age, which is the great topic of revelation, and is not unknown to science and philosophy, in connection with the law of progress and development deducible from the geological history, in which an ascending series of lower animals culminates in man himself. Why should there not be a new and higher plane of existence to be attained to by humanity—a new geological period, so to speak, in which present anomalies shall be corrected, and the grand unity of the universe and its harmony with its Maker fully restored. This is what Paul anticipates when he tells us of a 'pneumatical' or spiritual body, to succeed to the present natural or 'physical' one, or what Jesus Himself tells us when He says that in the future state we shall be like to the angels.

"Angels are not known to us as objects of scientific observation, but such an order of beings is quite conceivable, and this not as supernatural, but as part of the order of nature. They are created beings like ourselves, subject to the laws of the universe, yet free and intelligent and liable to error, in bodily constitution freed from many of the limitations imposed on us, mentally having higher range and grasp, and consequently masters of natural powers not under our control. In short, we have here pictured to us an order of beings forming a part of nature, yet in their powers as miraculous to us as we might be supposed to be to the lower animals, could they think of such things. This idea of angels bridges over the great natural gulf between humanity and deity, and illustrates a higher plane than that of man in his present state, but attainable in the future. Dim perceptions of this would seem to constitute the substratum of the ideas of the so-called polytheistic religions.

"Christianity itself is in this aspect not so much a revelation of the supernatural as the highest bond of the great unity of nature. It reveals to us the perfect Man, who is also one with God, and the mission of this Divine man to restore the harmonies of God and humanity, and consequently also of man with his natural environment in this world, and with his spiritual environment in the higher world of the future. If it is true that nature now groans because of man's depravity, and that man himself shares in the evils of this disharmony with nature around him, it is clear that if man could be restored to his true place in nature he would be restored to happiness and to harmony with God, and if, on the other hand, he can be restored to harmony with God, he will then also be restored to harmony with his natural environment, and so to life and happiness and immortality.

"It is here that the old story of Eden, and the teaching of Christ, and the prophecy of the New Jerusalem strike the same note which all material nature gives forth when we interrogate it respecting its relations to man. The profound manner in which these truths appear in the teaching of Christ has perhaps not been appreciated as it should, because we have not sought in that teaching the philosophy of nature which it contains. When he points to the common weeds of the fields, and asks us to consider the garments more gorgeous than those of kings in which God has clothed them, and when He says of these same wild flowers, so daintily made by the Supreme Artificer, that to-day they are, and to-morrow are cast into the oven, He gives us not merely a lesson of faith, but a deep insight into that want of unison which, centring in humanity, reaches all the way from the wild flower to the God who made it, and requires for its rectification nothing less than the breathing of that Divine Spirit which first evoked order and life out of primeval chaos."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

There has been a remarkable work of grace at the Centenary church, Dublin, Ireland. Never since 1841, when the late Rev. Jas. Caughey visited Ireland, has there been such a revival. Rev. Thomas Waugh was the "Missioner." More than three hundred gave in their names to become members of the church. The majority were young men.

There has been a great revival of open-air preaching in several important centres in the Emerald Isle. It is much to be regretted that there has also been much bitter persecution. In Cork especially, lewd fellows of the baser sort were most malignant. Rev. F. W. Ainley, of the Free Church, narrowly escaped with his life. But for the intervention of some men, who rescued him from the mob, he would have been put to death.

English Methodism occupies a prominent position in respect to education. According to Rev. Dr. Waller's report, there are 825 day-schools, which contain 179,058 scholars. The collections and subscriptions amount to $29,605, which is an increase of $328 for the year.

Rev. T. Champness has one hundred and twenty persons employed in his Joyful News Mission; both men and women evangelists are employed. The *Joyful News* periodical is a valuable means of doing good.

A gentleman who had been travelling on the continent of Europe, described an unusual occurrence at Lausanne. He attended a week-night service for Italian workmen, at which 230 were present. In another part of the building a French service was held, which he also attended; while both these services were in progress, a bazaar was going on in another large room. He was delighted with the various kinds of mission work, though he thought that two services, while a bazaar was in progress, was something new in Methodism.

At the Ministers' Meeting in London, there was a lengthy conversasation respecting the returns. All were delighted with the increase of more than 5,000 in the membership.

Dr. Jenkins, when speaking at a missionary meeting in Manchester, said how thankful he was that the Hon. H. H. Fowler had been appointed Secretary of the Indian department. The honourable gentleman is the son of an eminent Methodist minister, and brother of the late Dr. Fowler who died a few years ago in London, Ontario. The doctor also related that some of the higher classes in India had more than once said, We don't fear your preaching missionaries so much as your other work, but we do fear your Christian women who influence our wives in favor of Jesus, and your medical missionaries who heal our sick. If you win our wives, and by your kindness win our love, we cannot withstand your faith.

President Pope recently dedicated a church at Portsmouth. The mayor, who is a Jew, and the corporation attended. The vicar of the parish sent a letter expressing his regret at not being able to be present.

It is said that one-third of 200,000 people in Cornwall are Methodists.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Executive of the Evangelistic Union, recommends its members to hold open-air services as much as possible during the summer months.

The church in which the Conference meets during Whitsuntide week, has been renovated, preparatory to the event at a cost of $3,500.

It has been proposed to issue a new Connexional hymn-book, but the majority of the quarterly meetings of the circuits are opposed to the proposal.

Primitive Methodist.

A monument in honour of the late Alderman Smetherst has been erected in the public park at Grimsby. For many years he was a well-known official in the Connexion.

Seventy young ministers are attending Mansfield Summer School, Oxford, all of whom have been generously aided by Mr. W. P. Hartley, J. P., Missionary Treasurer.

Bible Christian Connexion.

The following places are mentioned as having been visited with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit: Hatherleigh, Northlew, Crewkerne, Newport, Mitcheldean. At some of these, debts were also extinguished.

The Methodist Church.

Principal Whittington, of British Columbia, has secured the following professors for his college: Rev. J. J. Colter, M.A., of Sackville and Harvard, Mr. A. J. Wilson, B.A., Rev. Morley Peart, B.A., and Miss M. B. Miller, B.A., all of Toronto. Arrangements have been made by which students may matriculate at this college and proceed with their studies as if they were at Toronto University.

Dr. A. Sutherland, while attending the General Conference at Memphis, also visited Nashville, and preached a most edifying sermon to a large congregation at McKendree church.

St. James' church Quarterly Official Board, Montreal, have resolved to memorialize the General Conference to extend the pastoral term from three to five years.

The Upper Canada Bible Society recently made a grant of one hundred bibles and fifty testaments to the Rev. Thomas Crosby, of Fort Simpson, B.C., for the use of the Indians in that locality.

Rev. J. Endicott, B.A., who was sent to China by "the Boys" of Wesley College, has sent a very interesting letter to them, which is published in the *Missionary Outlook*.

Rev. T. Crosby writes from British Columbia respecting a recent missionary journey, where he had a singular experience. Some of the Indians were suffering from *la grippe*, and they said that he had taken the disease in the box and during the night-time opened the box and blew the disease all over the country. At another place it was said that he had the disease corked in a bottle, and when he visited their houses he dropped a little of the liquid in each house. Notwithstanding these strange notions, he witnessed many conversions.

The conferences are in full swing as these notes go to press. They will be duly reported in our next number.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Ninde has gone on an episcopal tour to China and Japan, and will be absent from the United States until January, 1895.

During the fall numerous conferences will be held, both at home and abroad. Ten are appointed for August, forty in September, and fifteen in October. Besides these, Bishop Newman will hold eight others in Europe.

There has been an average of fifty converts a day for the last three years in the missions in India.

Bishop Thoburn, of India, has come to the United and is asking the church for twelve missionaries and $50,000.

A new Methodist building has been erected at Pittsburg. There will be ample accommodation for the departments of the Book Concern.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has had a marvellous history. In twenty-five years it increased to 151,272 members. It now supports 145 missionaries, 624 Bible-readers and teachers, 435 schools and orphanages and nine hospitals, and owns nearly $500,000 worth of real estate in India, China, Japan, Korea, Burmah, Bulgaria, Mexico and South America. The society is managed without any salaried officer.

The Itinerants' Club, which met at Buffalo, was a great success. Dr. Potts was one of the prominent speakers. He preached once in the place of Bishop Mallalieu, who was sick. He also delivered addresses on the "Pulpit and Pew" and "Factors of Ministerial Power."

Methodist missions extend to eight of the ten nations of the continent of South America, in six of which Methodism is at present the only organized missionary agency among the native peoples and in the national language.

The corner-stone of the Methodist Episcopal church and college was laid in Rome, May 9, with imposing ceremonies. The United States Ambassador and several Americans were present, among whom were many ladies. Bishop Newman and Rev. Mr. Piggott were the principal speakers.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In April the Book Committee prepared its report. The assets of the Publishing House amount to $662,055.73. Total business for the year $343,383.43. The General Conference is in session while these notes are being prepared. From the Bishops' address we learn that there are 5,487 travelling preachers, 6,513 local preachers and 1,345,210 members, a gain during the quadrennium of 168,000. The Sunday-school Department is well up—total teachers and scholars, 890,962, a gain of 76,587. There are 993 Epworth Leagues, with an average of thirty members to a League. The Fraternal Delegates were: Rev. Dr. Stephenson from the Wesleyan Conference, England; Drs. Goucher and Rogers, Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. A. Sutherland from the Methodist Church, Canada.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Thomas Greenfield, Primitive Methodist, England, died at Sunderland, last April. He was eighty-one years of age. The whole of his ministerial life was spent in the north of England, where the present writer formed his acquaintance.

Rev. James A. Bastow, also of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, died soon after his friend Greenfield. He attained the great age of eighty-five, having been sixty-two years in the ministry. For forty-eight years he was employed in circuit work. Many a pleasant hour we have spent in his company. For many years he devoted all his spare time in preparing a Biblical Dictionary, which ran through five editions. A short time before he died the late Premier of England, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, sent him a message of congratulation respecting his dictionary, which had greatly aided him in some of his studies.

Rev. Thomas Woolsey, of the Toronto Conference, for more than forty years was a faithful ambassador for Christ. In 1855 he went to Hudson's Bay territory and endured many hardships among the Indians, but he seldom referred to these. Since 1881 he has sustained a superannuated relation. For some years his health was very precarious, but his place was seldom vacant in the sanctuary, even though his deafness prevented him hearing what was said from the pulpit. He was a good man who held constant communion with God in prayer. Mrs. Woolsey and her bereaved daughters have the sympathy of the whole Church and the legacy of an honoured life.

Correction.

On page 525 there is an error. The parents of Miss Hart, the esteemed missionary in British Columbia, are still in the Church militant. May their removal hence be far, *far* in the future.

On the same page it is stated that "six young men will be wanted in Newfoundland Conference next June." The president of the Conference says, "Our ranks will be filled without any additions from outside." We copied the information from an English periodical and were thus led astray.

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PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

Book Notices.

Discourses and Addresses. By Geo. Douglas, D.D., LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 403. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.25.

This volume is a beautiful memorial of a noble life. The many friends of Dr. Douglas, throughout the length and breadth of Canada and beyond, will be glad to have this collection of a number of his eloquent sermons and matchless addresses. As one turns the pages one may hear again the cadence of that wonderful voice, and feel again the deep emotion which his words inspired.

In addition to some of the grandest of his sermons are a number of his ablest addresses, as his missionary speech, given at Albany, in 1868, his Œcumenical addresses at London, in 1881, and Washington, in 1891, the Wesleyan Centenary address, and his stirring fraternal address to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Never again shall we hear among us this stately, ornate kind of eloquence, enriched with historic allusions and poetic quotations like a royal robe embroidered with gold and gems.

It is beautifully significant of the wide love and reverence in which our departed Apollos was held, that three leading men of three great Churches, the Rev. William Arthur, representing English Methodism; Bishop Foster, of American Methodism, and Dr. Potts, speaking for our own Canadian Church, should introduce this volume to its many readers on both sides of the sea. The beautiful and tender biographical sketch, prefaced to this volume, presents in brief the outlines of this noble life—a story of rarely paralleled suffering, illumined by heroic courage and Christian faith. An admirable vignette portrait accompanies the volume, which is beautifully printed and bound.

The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege. By Thomas G. Selby. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 272. Price, $1.25.

This is another volume of the "Life Indeed" Series, and on one of the most important subjects on which the human mind can dwell. We live under the dispensation of the Spirit. When the Church of Christ comprehends more and more of the length and breadth and depth of the meaning of this divine bestowment, then shall new power clothe her ministrations and unwonted conquests follow her endeavours. Under such headings as "The New Logic of the Pentecost," "The Inspirer of Prayer," "The Inward Intercessor," "Lay Prophesying," "The Sealing Spirit," "The Spirit and a New Sense of Sin," the blessing and power of the Holy Spirit, giving energy and efficacy to the Word and to the life, are strikingly enforced. The writer seems to be a layman and writes with wonderful freshness and vigor.

In speaking of the need of divine illumination to see heavenly things, our author says, "There is within everyone of us an ingrained unfitness to receive the things of the Spirit, which nothing but a new birth by the power of God can take away."

"Where the rudiments of sense exist, it may be helped or educated; but the sense itself can only be imparted by a birth. The optician may aid the natural power of the eye with his lenses, or hide a defect by what is artificial; the surgeon may transplant flesh, and build up some mutilated feature, or cover over some disfigurement, but no skill can create the specialized sense which distinguishes color, detects scent, or judges of musical pitch. These incomprehensible discriminations come with the birth, and if wanting are

irretrievably so. And the spiritual senses by which the things of the kingdom are discerned issue from a spiritual birth, effected by Divine power alone. You cannot make a worm with its one poor sense see the glory of sunsets and rainbows, even if you give it the vantage-ground of Snowdon ; nor can you make a sea-slug responsive to the charm of music, even if you put it into an aquarium resonant with the strains of a brass band. There are some things the most expert instructor could not teach a Swan river savage, who can only count up to five. And Christ cannot teach away the ignorance and limitation of the man who does not recognise his need of the recreating breath of the Spirit. The natural man's incapacity for spiritual things can only be dealt with by a miracle, which makes him into an entirely different type of being."

The New Testament and its Writers. Being an introduction to the books of the New Testament. By Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, B.D. London : Adam & Charles Black. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. viii–288. Price, $1.25.

In these days of biblical criticism, higher and lower, the man of God should be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The formation of the canon of the New Testament will always be a subject of intense, practical interest. This book is an expansion of one of the Bible Class text-books, issued by the Christian Life and Work Committee of the Church of Scotland, and cannot fail to be of service to ministers and Bible-class teachers for acquiring a deeper knowledge of the mind of the Spirit as revealed in the Word of God. We hear much of Inductive Bible Study. Such a book as this is one of the first requisites for its successful prosecution. This is a judicious, conservative treatment of this important subject by a thoroughly competent scholar. It takes up in turn each of the books of the New Testament and discusses its authorship, its purpose, its place and time of writing, and other features. The notes on the canon, ancient manuscripts and versions and textual criticisms, will be found of much value, as also the sections on the "Undesigned Coincidences of the Epistles and Historic Books."

Much interest and value is given to the book by its excellent map and fac-simile reproductions of the famous codices, the Sinaiticus, Vaticanus and Alexandrinus and others, with specimens of the ancient palimpsests, including that of the remarkable old Syriac gospels discovered in the convent of St. Catharine, at Mount Sinai, by Mrs. S. S. Lewis, in 1892. In the discussion of the book of Hebrews the author gives a decision in favor of its authorship by Barnabas, that "good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith—the son of consolation." The book was written probably from Rome to the Jews who were scattered abroad, about the year 68 A.D.

The Inspirations of the Christian Life. By Thomas F. Lockyer, B.A. London : Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 251. Price, $1.25.

The Wesleyan Conference office has begun a new series of short books on great subjects, edited by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, which promise to be of much value to their readers. These bear the generic title, "The 'Life Indeed' Series," a name suggested by the initial volume from the accomplished pen of Mr. Watkinson himself. They treat such subjects as "The Discipline of the Soul," "The Inspirations of the Christian Life," "The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege," "The Laws of Spiritual Growth," "The Origin of the Christian Life," and the volume before us on "The Inspirations of the Christian Life."

This volume treats of The Great Realities of Religion, The Holy One of Israel, The Assurance of Faith, The Christian Commission, Great Ideals, Our Earnest of Victory, and The Christian Hope. Under these titles are grouped a series of important sections treating these august themes in a practical and impressive

manner. It is not a book merely for preachers, but for thoughtful lay readers. Chapters on "The Visions of God," "The Perfect Manhood," "The Land of Promise," "All Things are Yours," "The Perfect Life," "The Chivalry of Heaven," will be indeed an inspiration to Christian living.

The Lay Preacher's Handbook: First Steps in Homiletics. By the Rev. Charles O. Eldridge, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 70c.

Our Wesleyan friends in England make much more of lay preaching than we do in Canada. Village and rural Methodism in that country owes an unspeakable debt to this important service, and not a few of its lay preachers are welcome in the foremost pulpits of the connexion. The Local Preachers' Union and *Preacher's Magazine* have been important helps in the development of lay preaching. This little book, with its wise suggestions and godly councils, will be found very helpful, not merely to lay preachers, but to ordained ministers. The remarks on Self-culture, The Bible, and How to Study It, The Study of Human Nature, Choosing a Text, Divisions, Classification, Voice and Manner, Open-air Services and Mission Work, and Prayer, are full of wise suggestions.

Books for Bible Students. Edited by Rev. Arthur E. Gregory. An introduction to the study of Hebrew. By J. T. L. Maggs, B.A. Containing grammar, exercises and reading lessons. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii–190. Price, 90c.

Among the books for Bible students edited by A. E. Gregory, the present manual will be found of much value. Every expositor of the Word of God ought to be able to read for himself the Scripture oracles in their original tongues and to verify for himself the teachings of the great commentators. Nor is this such a difficult task as is often thought. With the little volume before us and a determined will, any average student should be able to accomplish this object.

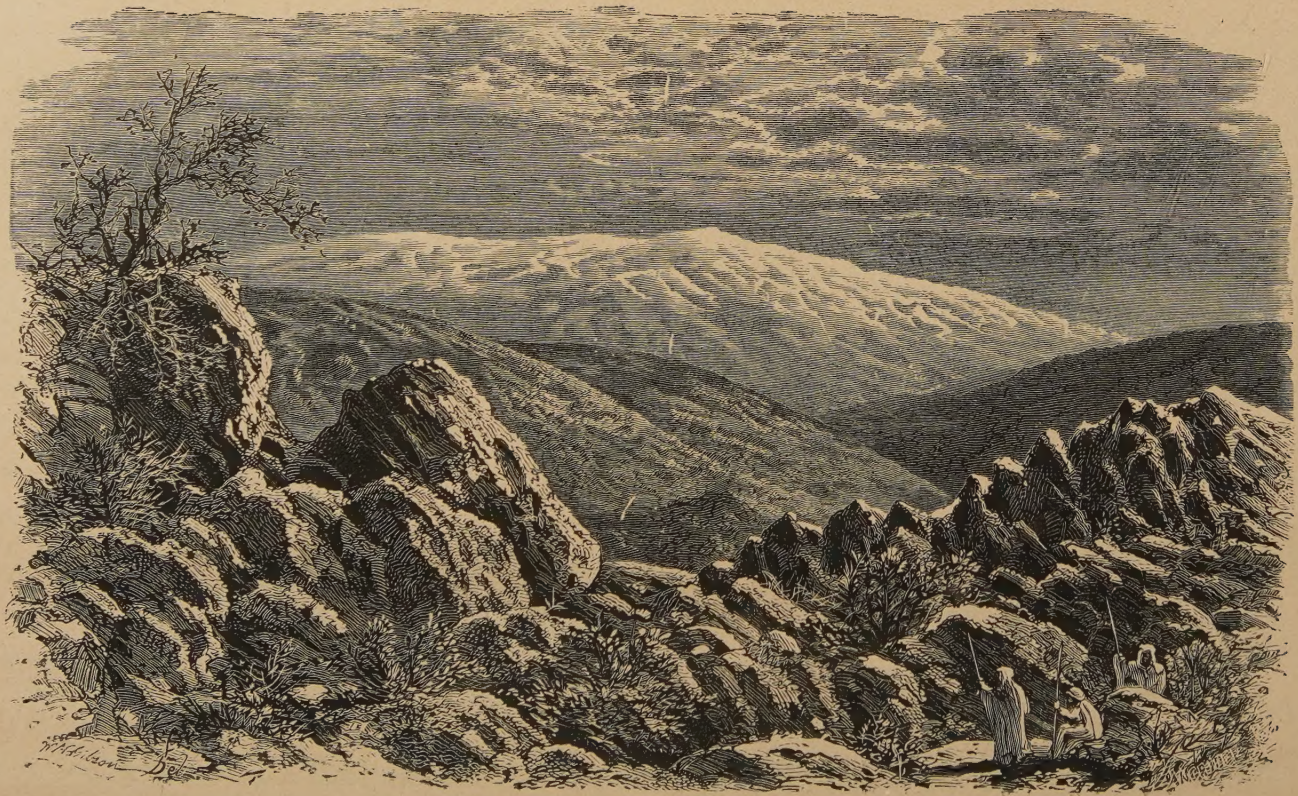
A Harmony of the Gospels, from the Revised Version. By W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents net, in cloth.

For twelve months from July next the Sunday-school Lessons will be upon the life of Christ.

To furnish the best possible help for this important study the Editor has arranged this Harmony of the Gospels, the result of a very considerable amount of labour. He has so interwoven the narratives of the four Evangelists as to give as full and flowing an account as possible of the life of our Lord. The advantage of such a Harmony, or Monotessaron, is thus stated by Prof. Amos R. Wells, in the *Sunday-school Times:*

"Far above Concordance, Bible Index, or Bible Dictionary, I count the Monotessaron the very best help to Bible study. Speaking for one, I may say that through recent first acquaintance with a Monotessaron, that Matchless Life has shone upon me with an entire splendour of beauty and majesty before unimagined. It has given the life and person of Christ marvellous vividness, setting facts in their due order, location, relations and proportions, while the facility it affords is a constant inspiration to fresh delightful study. Not only every Sunday-school teacher, but every Bible scholar should own one."

The Canadian publishers are William Briggs, Toronto; C. W. Coates, Montreal; and S. F. Huestis, Halifax. Most Harmonies are rather expensive; this is within the reach of everyone. The book may be ordered from the author or from the publishers.



MOUNT HERMON.